Saturday Review
DECEMBER 16, 1961 / 25¢

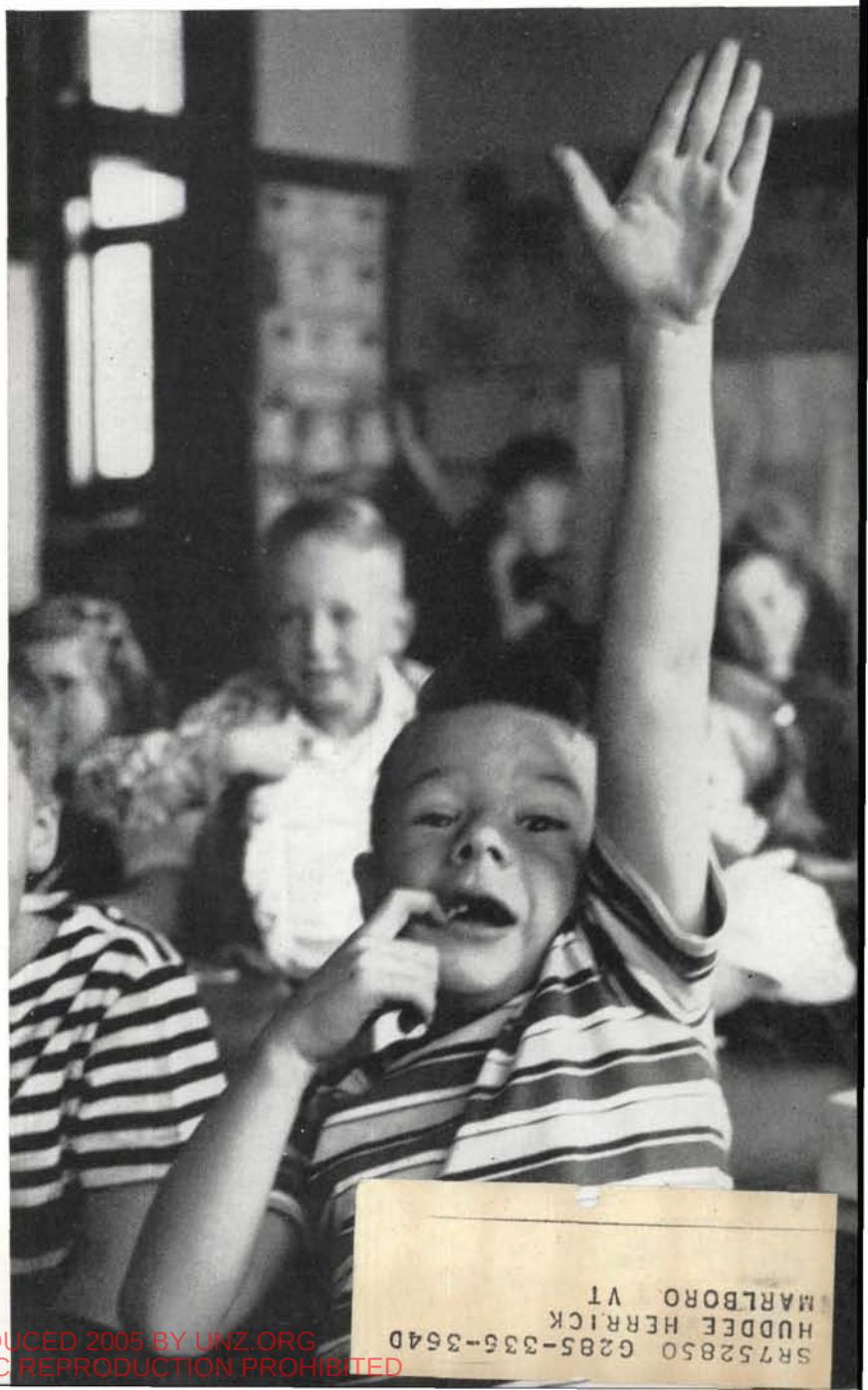
EDUCATION

THE WHOLE CHILD: A FRESH LOOK
BY HAROLD TAYLOR

THE NATION'S GREATEST TALENT HUNT
By John M. Stalnaker

MERIT PAY FOR TEACHERS
Articles by Blaine Cooke and Arthur Myers

"BOOST—DON'T KNOCK"
By Joseph Wood Krutch



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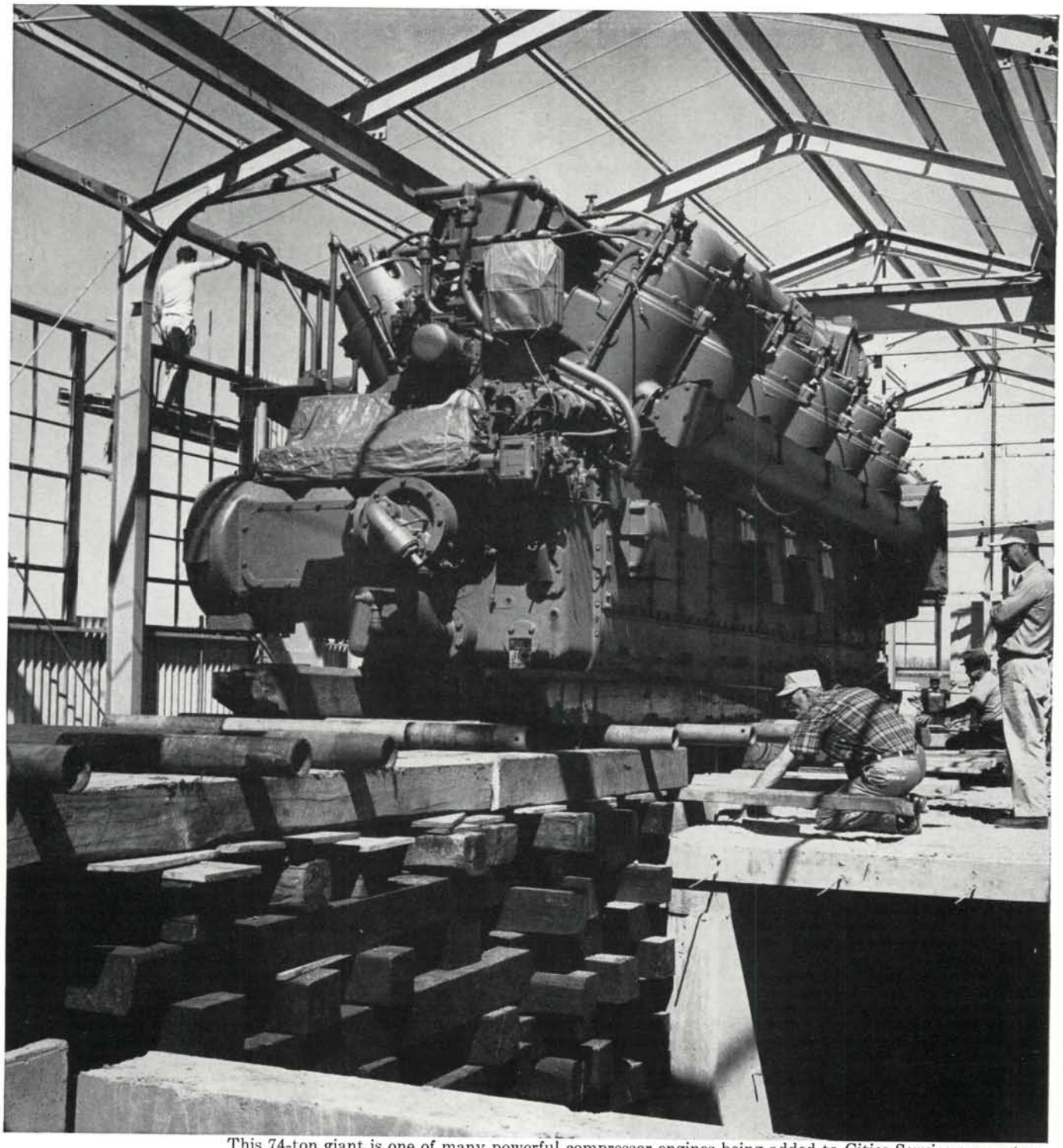

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Saturday Review

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I've just run across a book that, for me, is very close to perfect. Obviously some other people won't see it that way, but a large group will agree, I think, and the rest of this column is for them.

The book in question is a pictures-and-text history of 6000 years of water transportation, and it's called "The Ship." If the sea and seafaring hold any magic for you whatever, I'm quite sure this volume will enthrall you completely—which is exactly what it's done to me.

Since I haven't color reproduction at my disposal, I really can't convey the stunning quality of the 800-plus illustrations. There are 160 pages in full color and another 160 in two colors, but you'll have to go to your nearest book shop to get a complete idea of just how good the pictures are.

The whole volume is the work of one man, Bjorn Landstrom. His name probably means little to you, but he's one of Scandinavia's leading authors and artists. In addition, Mr. Landstrom has made the most of a life-long interest in ships and the sea, so his paintings and drawings are remarkably accurate, and he's made an unerring selection of which ships to portray, from raft to atomic submarine.

Since there are still two weeks to Christmas, I can take the liberty of reminding you that a gift copy of "The Ship" would be an ideal present for any boatman on your list. And while you're at it, get yourself a copy too: it's an inexpensive and satisfying way to put yourself on the quarterdeck of every craft that ever sailed.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Ship" ($14.95), by Bjorn Landstrom, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 310 North 8th Street, St. Louis 1, Mo.

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IMPORTANT Announcement

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that next week's issue of the *Saturday Review* marks another milestone in the magazine's history. For the first time, the *Saturday Review* will publish a *double*, year-end issue—presenting special forecasts for 1962 by *Saturday Review's* critics and department heads, as well as the magazine's regular features and a number of important articles.

In the issue, Theodore H. White, author of "The Making of the President 1960," reports on his recent trip around the world and what he foresees in the struggle between the Western world and Communism for those uncommitted countries through which he passed. This is Mr. White's second trip around the world, the first having been at a time when the Communist-West struggle was of minor consequence on the front pages of the world.

Appropriate to the year end will be the special forecasts by *Saturday Review's* critics and department heads. Irving Kolodin, Hollis Alpert, Arthur Knight, Robert Lewis Shayon, Horace Sutton, Henry Hewes, Katharine Kuh, Granville Hicks and others on the *SR* staff will give you reviews of 1961 in their respective fields plus forecasts for '62.

The Annual Report on the Movies will appear in this issue, as will the monthly Recordings section.

Because there will be no December 30th issue, all *Saturday Review* subscriptions are automatically being extended for an additional week, so that readers will receive the same number of issues for which they subscribed.

Saturday Review

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

BALLAD OF THE LONELY SPACE SCIENTIST

("The ideal astronaut, we learn, would not be a man, but a female midget who lived in the Andes and had a Ph.D. in physics."—*From a review by Ralph E. Lapp of "From Hiroshima to the Moon," by Daniel Lang, in the New York Times Book Review.*)

Awake all night, I twist and fidget:
I long so for a female midget.
I'd buy fine minks and expensive candies
For any small lady who's lived in the Andes.
(With the provision, of course, that she
Could prove she had her Ph.D.)
Years of research may come to naught
For want of this female astronaut.
So should you see her any place,
Send her to me. And I'll have space.

—LEONARD RAPHAEL.

• • •

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

THAT night Mr. Eddie Sunderland with his broom attacked the many bark beetles which infested his study. They flew around in the air with a dry sound and scrambled up and down the walls, or fell with a plop on the floor. He killed about a score of them and swept them onto the hearth, where two beetles less injured than the rest dashed at each other with incredible fury like two malicious dragons, dark and implacable. Eddie left them battling on the floor, and went to bed.

In the morning a small ant named Hector came out of a crack in the fireplace and looked around. Nearby lay the carcass of a mammoth insect—a beetle in a good state of preservation, a little squashed but still juicy. Such a find meant food for the entire community; it represented the best kind of natural wealth. Highly excited, Hector dashed back to get help, and in no time at all an entire battalion of ants was busy carving up the carcass of the beetle into convenient packages.

Naturally enough, Hector was the hero of the occasion, and he was filled with pride. But when fast scouts reported as many as twenty other carcasses scattered about the floor, he felt a moment of irritation. Gloomy thoughts assailed him, and he exclaimed, "We are in for a period of deflation. Boom or bust; it is always the same, too much or too little. Let us leave those beetles where they are; that way we will still be able to control the situation."

These sentiments were generally applauded although there were some who feared that so much wealth left lying around might tempt other insects to an act of aggression. To this Hector replied in a firm manner: "They are our beetles, and God will not allow them to be taken away from us. The fact that we do not want them has nothing to do with it: that is a matter for the economists."

Nevertheless, several pessimistic ants, afraid of war, went out onto the hearth and brought home small packages of beetle meat for themselves and their families.

A little while later Mr. Sunderland returned to his study and noticed the ants milling around the carcass of the bark-beetle. Mr. S. was not in an amiable mood; about half the carcass had been carted away when, in a sudden moment of impatience, he seized his broom and swept all, beetle bits and milling ants, into a corner. Many were injured; all were indignant. And Hector, minus a leg, exclaimed to Mr. Sunderland,

"What a way for God to act!"

Mr. Sunderland was taken aback by this remark, and regarded the ant in surprise. "I am not God," he said finally. "What gave you such an idea?"

Hector gazed at him in disbelief. "You live here, don't you?" he demanded.

Mr. Sunderland admitted that he did.

"In other words," said Hector, "this is your house, in which you dwell. Your marble halls, etc., etc. You hold dominion over bark beetle and ant; or do you deny it?"

Mr. Sunderland did not deny it.

"Then," said Hector simply, "you must be God. And very unjust, too, if you ask me. First you prepare a feast, then a famine. Well—please make up your mind. At one stroke you have upset the national economy. What are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Sunderland looked at the angry

Dementomology

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ant; he saw his terrible nippers and his body encased in armor. To a worm or a small bug, this was a dreadful foe, a formidable enemy; yet with one flick of his wrist, Mr. Sunderland could destroy him.

"Just the same," he said, "I am not God."

And he walked away. But he felt uncomfortable, and on the whole apologetic. —ROBERT NATHAN.

• • •

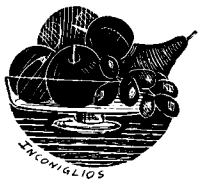
THE AUTHOR'S REVENGE

EVER since the publication of my recent how-to-do-it book, "Give A *Different* Kind of Party, Why Not?" readers have been complaining that I overlooked Christmas parties. If they only knew!

The fact is, I didn't ignore Christmas parties at all; they were thrown out, along with the rest of the material embodied in an entire chapter that was dropped by my publisher, on the grounds that it was "obscure." (It will not surprise you that right after the holidays I plan to drop my publisher, on the grounds of his country place, and I hope he lands right smack on his merger.)

Who's obscure? What is obscure about a Yuletide Celebrity Scavenger Hunt? This was my party idea for people who really do not like to give parties, but have to. I suggested they ask everyone for nine o'clock, serve one quick round of eggnog, then pass out sprigs of holly. Attached to these sprigs are slips, each bearing the name of a celebrity. Each guest must then leave, with the understanding that he cannot return until he has found, and brought back with him, his particular celebrity! Suggested celebrities: Greta Garbo, Bess Truman, Baby Peggy, Grandma Moses, General Douglas MacArthur, Colleen Moore, Tex Antoine, J. D. Salinger, and any odd-numbered ex-Mrs. Tommy Manville.

It is possible that my publisher, who is not very bright, did not understand a long word like "scavenger." A more likely explanation, though, is that he probably feels Colleen Moore is no longer much of a box-office draw. That would be typical of his semiliterate outlook. His eye is really out only for the dollar, which is why he wanted me to call my book "Suggestive Home Entertainment, From the Civil War Until Now." —HAYES B. JACOBS.



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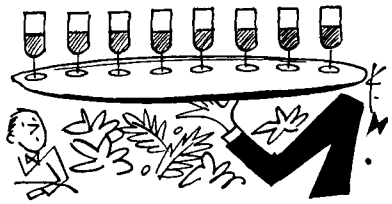
TRADE Winds

WHEREVER YOU GO, you're likely to run into fragments of the world of books. While Publishers' Row in Manhattan continues to be the wellspring of contemporary bookdom, it could not exist without the hearty support of the outlying provinces—which in fact are often less provincial than New York itself. On a recent swing through tropical and semitropical climates, we stumbled on a good deal of literary activity.



IN SARASOTA, FLORIDA, once the winter encampment of Ringling Brothers, there's a brisk colony of writers who swear by the climate, the surf, the atmosphere, and the martinis at the relaxed Field Club there, to say nothing of the stone crab at the Plaza Restaurant. On Fridays they gather at the Plaza for an informal crab klatch, followed by a tense game of poker (in which they forego cards in favor of using the serial numbers on dollar bills). Here, you're likely to find such authors as MacKinlay Kantor, Joseph Hayes, Budd Schulberg (now on leave of absence to the town of Princeton, N.J.), and the prolific John D. MacDonald (some forty novels so far).

In order to prevent any of the members of this distinguished group from using a charmed dollar bill with a serial number that might contain a flush, straight, or full house, the players send a neutral waiter to the cash register to bring back a fresh, unsullied supply of dollar bills with unknown serial numbers.

On one occasion, a new Cuban waiter who spoke only Spanish was called by MacKinlay Kantor and sent off to the cash register with some money for a new supply of bills. Kantor, who prides himself on his Spanish, asked him to bring the required amount of greenbacks to the table.

Within moments, the waiter appeared with a tray of eight glasses of green chartreuse. To this day, Kantor claims that they've got to learn better Spanish in Cuba.

THE FAR HORIZONS at Sarasota is a hostel that attracts people who like elegant food, music, and atmosphere—and who have a sturdy enough budget to afford it. We stumbled on it by accident, and found ourselves dressed entirely too casually. But we were reassured by the proprietor that we could be admitted to a dark corner if we made up for our lack of formality by good behavior.

"Besides," the proprietor went on, "I just got word that Mickey Spillane is headed here for dinner with six people. None of them has a jacket, and they're all too big for the jackets we keep here for this sort of emergency."

Soon John MacDonald arrived and joined us at the table, and in another few minutes Spillane and his cohorts came into the dining room. From that moment on the quiet decorum of the Far Horizons took on a new hue.

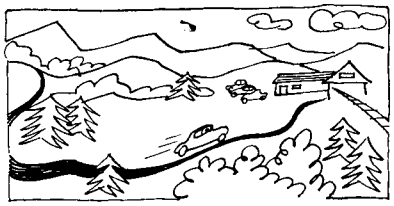
"So I haven't got a jacket," Spillane shrugged, coming over to greet us. "So what do they expect? Brooks Brothers with palm trees?"

"Let's get this straight," he said, turning to MacDonald, "I'm not an *author*. I'm a *writer*. Right?"

MacDonald, who had the good fortune to be dressed properly for the occasion, took exception. "You're making a trivial distinction, Mickey," he said.

"Not for a minute," said Spillane, spoiling for a jovial argument.

But the argument was never resolved. It was sidetracked by a story MacDonald told Spillane. The bitterest pill he ever had to swallow, he said, was the time his editor told him he had written a terrific book. "It's so good," he said, "that I wish Mickey Spillane had written it."



MacDONALD, WHO WRITES as many as thirty manuscript pages on a good day, finds the sun, air, and sea at Sarasota so much to his liking that he has resisted—to date, at least—considerable pressure to work in Hollywood or New York.

He recalls the time when he was writing up in the Adirondacks, several hundred miles from Manhattan. He got a call from his editor asking him

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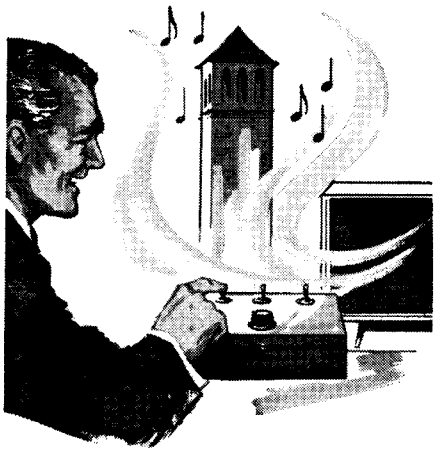

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By James Avery Joyce
$5.00. THOMAS NELSON & SONS

to come in for a chat about a new project. The only way he could get down was by driving fifty miles to catch an overnight sleeper, which he did at considerable inconvenience.

On his arrival, he lamented the lack of airline service and recounted the problems he had in making the appointment on time.

"Good lord!" said his editor. "This is nothing important at all. I thought you were just outside New York City, and could run in on the 8:11!"

WE HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE to drop by the Pan American Book Store in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in the ancient section graced by sixteenth-century houses and soft blue cobblestones (molded in Belgium centuries ago from waste iron and coal). Thanks to the spontaneous hospitality of the manager, P. J. Santoni, we were able to meet within the space of three hours between planes: 1) the lean, gray, and soft-spoken Dr. Tomas Blanco, whose books and essays on Puerto Rico have established him as one of the most sensitive native writers on the island; 2) Dr. Elmer Adler, who within a handful of years has established *La Casa Del Libro*—the House of Books—an ancient house of almost breath-taking dignity and beauty, devoted to encouraging and developing the arts of the book. Dr. Adler and the *Amigos de Calle del Cristo 255* have collected over 4,000 volumes which include 50 per cent of the titles printed in fifteenth-century Spain; 3) representatives of the *Primer Seminario de Dramaturgia* from Spain, Argentina, Guatemala, and Puerto Rico. They were kind enough to let us squeeze into their crowded table at the La Danza restaurant, to chat for a brief moment about the drama before facing the sixty-degree drop in temperature within the short 180 minutes it took to fly back to New York.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1446)

Louise Townsend Nicholl:

(SEASON OF DISCOVERY:) DECEMBER

This is the season of discovery
When men believe, adore; and love has power
To dip sweet water from its deepest well
And reach the heartwood tower of its tree,
Beyond the burr, the bark, to that one core
Which all beloveds are.

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Offhand

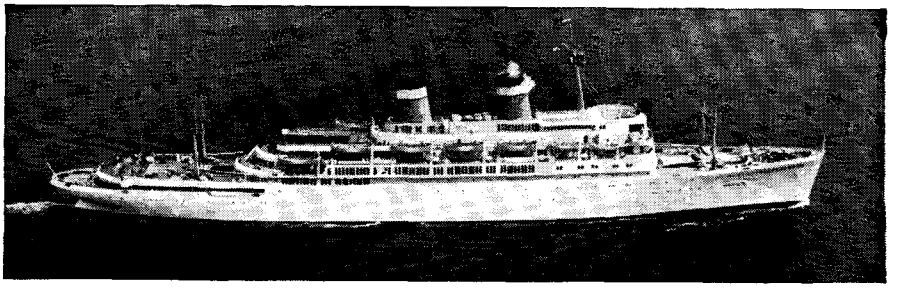
THOUGHT-POLICEMEN and their ugly inquisitions have not died out. They will begin again quite soon. So this is the time for us to act as if we had something to hide: we have our dignity to hide, which they can never understand, let alone guarantee or protect. They can only destroy it by their infinite vulgarity and ignorance.

INSTEAD OF living, breathing, walking, reading, writing, as if we were eager to meet the spies halfway and help them in their shameless intrusion into our privacy, and prove to them that these activities are innocent and anti-Communist, we should make it more difficult for them, humiliate them and make them feel that their salaries are stolen, their jobs inflated sinecures, and the whole way of life they are supposed to guard, far above their understanding. And, if jailed in the process, make this an occasion to ridicule them, and limit our cooperation to telling them that they should keep their place and leave us ours.

THIS ALONE and no other activity can insure the continuity of freedom, of human dignity, of sound judgment, and of respect for the nobility of the laws, while to let them take over means to pave the way for the Communist Commissars, who will be the same people as these, with slightly greater powers and more cockiness than these dare show today.

NO ONE is strong enough to consider himself a finished monument of culture, an accomplished professor of whatever he professes to know, and take up the policing of what he thinks he is but no longer is. The moment we give up our occupation to defend it with words, we give up our identity and our reason to defend it. Here lies the difference between the Marxist state and the civilized state. Only in Russia do the thinkers and the artists believe that their job is political and that knowledge or art are bureaucratic subdivisions of the only existing Truth which is the State. Of course this does not mean that men of culture should be indifferent to politics; it only means that they should not become indifferent to culture and take up propaganda, which is quite different from politics.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.



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Saturday Review
DECEMBER 16, 1961

"BOOST—DON'T KNOCK"

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT MUST have been about 1906 or 1907 that I first heard the slogan "Boost—Don't Knock." That was in Knoxville, Tennessee, where new waves were slow to arrive, and it came to me from the lips of a rising young real estate man who lived next door. He gave pep talks to the Chamber of Commerce, subscribed to Elbert Hubbard's "Philistine," bought Mission furniture, and in every other respect conformed to a newly established pattern. Bruce Barton with his Jesus as salesman was just around the corner.

I would not like to draw too sweeping or too hasty a conclusion but the sad fact is that this booster came to a bad end. He took his own life shortly after 1929 when it was revealed that the real estate and loan firm of which he was a leading member owed a good deal of its prosperity to an ingenious practice. By forgetting to register mortgages it could use one piece of property as "security" over and over again. And what, to a healthy optimist, was so wrong about that? All the loans were, he hoped, sound. Besides, in a community as progressive as Knoxville was just becoming, property values were sure to rise so rapidly that all the mortgages would soon be safely covered. My neighbor was a small victim of a philosophy which brought destruction to more powerful men and almost to our whole civilization.

The real moral is, I suppose, not that knocking is better than boosting but that one should choose carefully what he is going to boost. Life, joy, and accomplishment come more often to the yea-sayer than to the nay-sayer—provided he says "yea" to the right things. And the rule holds as true today as it did in 1907 because it is the sickness of our age that so many of its best minds play it safe by saying "nay" to everything.

Anyone who practices the two trades which have been mine—journalism and teaching—must find himself either boosting or knocking a good deal of the time, and I have done both. I suppose, however, that if my Knoxville optimist were here to judge me he would say that when the record was balanced I would find myself dismissed to the left-hand side, along with the other goats who had done more knocking than boosting.

Of this fact I am not proud. On the whole, the writers I admire most are those who have managed to find words for their love, and wonder, and hope. I would rather have written (if so absurd a possibility can be entertained) "The loveliest pair that ever yet in love's embraces met" than Swift's "Nymph Going to Bed," than "Tropic of Cancer," or, for that matter, than the collected works of Sigmund Freud. I would rather, if I could, believe that "The world's great age begins anew" than to find myself asking, "What rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?" Should anyone ask me—as no one ever has—to choose some page of my own by which I would most like to be remembered it would certainly be one where I paid tribute to a great man, a great book, or to some wonder and beauty of the natural world. Like Thoreau I would wish my journal to be "the record of my loves." But like Thoreau (whose rejection of his time was a bit unusual) and like most of my contemporaries (among whom "alienation" is epidemic) I have complained and scolded more often than I have celebrated.

Is that, I sometimes wonder, exclusively the fault of the age in which we live or is it some lack of courage in ourselves?

FEW believe any longer in the reality of the good old days. The optimist whom one still occasionally meets has little good to say of the past and little more to say of the present—only of that future which he thinks may be better than either. Yet there is no denying the fact that from the art and literature of the past one gets an impression that serenity, joy, and peace were far more prevalent than they are today. Its creative spirits managed to see catastrophe as tragedy, not as the increasing nihilism of the most admired playwrights of the present day. And having purged their souls with pity and terror they could also laugh a hearty laugh or re-

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pose themselves in serenity. What did they have to laugh at or what to be serene about?

Anyone who turns from the contemplation of most European literature or of any of the other arts to study the record of its social or political history will find it hard to believe that the art was created in such a world. What we know of life in the Middle Ages—even for the relatively privileged—seems to us to have been composed of perpetual discomfort and quick, recurring horrors. Yet even the fortresses built during the darkest of the Dark Ages are grimly beautiful.

Do you reply that, after all, they had no hydrogen bomb to fear? Surely the individual life was at least as precarious as it now is and most of those who contemplated their short span professed, at least, to believe in the eternal torment of Hell—the most terrifying conception ever invented by man, not excepting that generated by the hydrogen bomb itself, which, at worst, would put an end to all human suffering along with all human life.

LOOK at Chartres or any of the other cathedrals built as the Middle Ages came to an end. Over the central portal you will probably find a vision of the Last Judgment with emperors and bishops being tossed along with humbler folk into the hell-mouth. Look elsewhere and the scholars and saints gaze out from their pedestals with eyes which seem to reflect the peace which passeth understanding. What then becomes of the theory that art reflects the times in which it is created? Is there any possible conclusion to be reached except that in the Middle Ages at least art reflected a human spirit which somehow transcended the world in which it had its being?

Move down to London into the filth and barbarism of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson, nearly blind, tortured by scrofula, proclaims roundly that life is a state in which more is to be endured than to be enjoyed and that the natural progress of the human mind is not from pleasure to pleasure but from hope to hope. Yet he never denied that there was something to be enjoyed as well as to be endured and it is a far cry from the pessimism of "Rasselas" to the nihilism of, say, "Waiting for Godot." Henry Fielding saw and pitied more of the misery of his time than most. One of the most quietly terrible passages in literature is his calm description of the jeers from depraved brutes which greeted him, an obviously dying man, as he was hoisted onto the ship taking him to death itself. Yet "Tom Jones" is a cheerful book.

If you think that it was only the writers who managed somehow to rise above their times, then listen to the music from Byrd, through Purcell, to Handel. What relation, if any, does it have to the variously troubled times of any of them? How it seems to speak of sweetness, serenity, and confidence! Where on earth did they find them? Mozart, who knew at first hand all the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes, who was struggling so unsuccessfully with poverty that he was soon to be buried in an unmarked pauper's grave, gives us as one of his very last gifts "The Magic Flute"—an opera so serene and also so merry that Shakespeare's "Tempest" is the only work of art which invites comparison.

Your present-day composer—though he travels a harder road than any other creative man is today condemned to follow—not infrequently gets a scholarship, a grant, or a commission from some endowed orchestra, only to find himself expressing in the acrid sounds of his music the same disgruntled comment on human life, the universe, and even music itself which one hears from the novelist and the poet. There are exceptions of course. Swift was "modern" in his loathing for the human race and in his love of dirt for its own sake. Robert Frost, on the other hand, is quite old-fashioned in apparently finding the world still worth living in. But there is no doubt about the general tone of either the old art or the new.

In the past there is little *except* its art, and the spirit which created it, to which I would wish to return. But if the good old days weren't even comparatively good, then why, if we knew only their art, would we conclude that they must have been? Was it merely because the artists had courage or because (to borrow another phrase I heard fresh from the lips of the Knoxville optimist) they looked at the doughnut and not at the hole?

I can think of four or five other possible answers to that question but none is convincing. You could say, for example, that the old poets, painters, and composers were mere escapists turning their backs on reality and compounding an opiate which enable them to take refuge in dreams instead of trying to make this a better world—which last is, as we have discovered, a discouraging business. Or perhaps that they were honest victims of various delusions which we have got rid of and that therefore we are compelled to face at last the horrid truth that man is a failure and the universe he inhabits meaninglessly cruel. Is it possible, on the other hand, that they were somehow right and we somehow wrong?

ANOTHER curious aspect of the situation is this: If it is art that gives us the most attractive picture of the past, contemporary art gives us the most dismal view of the present. Many an unthinking man in the street seems relatively cheerful and the artist of today addresses himself almost exclusively to a very special audience—in part just because his dark thoughts seem to so many common men very much overdrawn. Among even the most respected political and social thinkers hope, at least for the future, is not unknown. Such thinkers do include, to be sure, pessimists who range all the way from the dead black of a Sir Charles Galton Darwin to the somber gray of a Harrison Brown who continues to cherish a faint hope that there may just possibly be a solution to our difficulties even though he can't quite see what it would be. But there are also those who stoutly maintain that the world's great age could—perhaps even will—soon begin

"He who would walk sanely amid the opposing perils in the path of life always needs a little optimism; he also needs a little pessimism."
—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

"The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified, and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment." —ELBERT HUBBARD.

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

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anew if we reform the world as it could be reformed. It is only among the respected artists that that "alienation" tends to be complete and unreconcilable.

I am not unaware of the defense often made for them, sometimes in unexpected quarters. Pointing out how bad things are is, so some say, the first step toward making them better—even if the possibility is not explicitly acknowledged. That vice is a creature of hideous mien is, the defense goes on, best demonstrated by an accurate portrait. Like Baudelaire, your modern celebrates virtue and beauty by describing vice and ugliness. Still, that is not the only way in which it can be done. Your beatnik represents the most recent phase of the Manichean theory that vice is the most important thing in the world because it is the shadow which makes goodness stand out in relief. An admiring reviewer of a recent novel describes its hero as one who "takes an alcoholic revenge upon society," though just how such a revenge can either damage or reform society is not very clear to me at least.

I AM, as I have just said, familiar with such defenses. In fact I was already familiar with them in 1929 when I wrote a book called "The Modern Temper." Despite the logic of Gnosticism—Judas was as necessary as Jesus to our salvation—"It is," I wrote, "rather difficult to carry on trade with a man who may be planning to revivify your Idea of justice by cheating you unmercifully, and rather difficult successfully to bring up a family when the father illustrates benevolence indirectly by beating the children or the mother sets out to secure a clear Idea of purity by prostituting all her daughters." This still seems to me something which might be remembered by those existentialists who set out to practice unmotivated acts, by beatniks who take "an alcoholic revenge on society," and (not to mention names) by certain contemporary American novelists who boast how they thumb their nose at a corrupt society by being as disorderly as possible.

Perhaps this present age of world crises, anxiety, and despair really is only the darkness before the dawn of a life more worth living than any human life ever was before. Perhaps, as some optimists think, it will be brought about by better organization, national and international, by socialism, by Communism, or by a world federation. Elsewhere and more than once I have expressed my own opinion that none of these things, good as one or more of them may be, is enough. I have said that since, in my opinion, man makes society, not society man, he can be saved only by being born again; by recovering that respect for his own nature and his own powers which so much modern thought, scientific and sociological, has tended to deprive him of; by forming some concept of the good life which is not merely prosperity, comfort, convenience, and power. But it is with the present, not with a possible future, that I am concerned here; not with how to live in Utopia when and if we achieve it, and not with how to promote that possible Utopia. What I am concerned with is rather how to live better than we now do while waiting for the glorious day which may or may not come.

AFTER all, even if such days do arrive, that will probably be after most of us are dead. What shall we do in the meantime? Shall we retreat into the art of the past or live in a dream of the future? Or shall we try, as so many of our ancestors seem to have tried, to take some satisfaction in the world we are compelled to live in, no matter how bad it may be? It is just possible that no hydrogen bomb will ever fall upon us. If it does not, then how foolish we shall seem even to ourselves if we have permitted fear of it to overshadow all we might have enjoyed and done. Bomb or no bomb, we are all, as that difficult optimist Robert Louis Stevenson once remarked, merely enjoying a reprieve from the condemnation to death which nature has passed upon us. If we accept one reprieve, why not the other? As Samuel Johnson once wrote, "He that sees before him to his third dinner, has a long prospect."

One group of contemporary socialists has recently complained that our thinking is not sufficiently Utopian. Sometimes I am inclined to believe that we would be happier if it were less so. Those who find life not worth living because it is not perfect are not likely to find it so in the foreseeable future and they might do better to resolve, as Thoreau said he did, that his first business was to live in this world be it good or bad.

There is, it seems to me, an attitude which is neither "eat drink and be merry" nor a sullen refusal to take advantage of what goods an individual life affords—either because some others are deprived of them or because we have a duty to think of nothing except how to improve the world. Indifference to the suffering of others and to the fate of humanity is one thing. Refusal to accept gratefully what benefits we enjoy is another. And this last is what Catholic theology calls the Sin of Melancholy. It is, strangely enough, one of the sins to which the contemporary intellectual seems most prone. Between callousness and melancholy there is surely some golden mean. Perhaps it was because they had achieved this golden mean that so many artists of the past were able to find the bad old days not intolerably bad and that they were not, like us, "alienated."

What is the moral of all this so far as the contemporary artist is concerned? It is surely not, as some of the more popular magazines seem to have suggested in their editorials, that he should fix a grin on his face and adopt as uncritically as my boyhood neighbor the twin slogans "Boost—Don't Knock" and "Look at the doughnut but forget the hole." The duty of the artist is to state the truth as he sees it and that duty comes before any supposed duty to cheer up his readers. What I am asking him to consider is simple: (1) Does he tell the whole truth as he sees it or only that part of it which it has become the fashion to dwell upon exclusively? Is, in other words, his own condition and that of his acquaintances as bad as his works suggest? (2) If the answer to both these questions is in the affirmative then could he, perhaps, make it otherwise by reconsidering his premises, demanding less of the world, and being also less unwilling to make the most of what partial and temporary goods it still affords—even to those of us who find ourselves assigned to the age of anxiety?

Something like this is what I find myself trying to do. Sometimes I fail but sometimes, also, I succeed. I try to remember that (and it was again Thoreau who said it) God did not send me into this world without some spending money.

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No Time for Satire

By Granville Hicks

THIS is an age in which satire is virtually impossible, for satire is concerned with departures from some sort of norm on which the satirist and his readers are agreed, and the satirist gets his effect by exaggerating qualities in such a way that the reader becomes aware of their abnormality. But in this age the extreme is commonplace. How in the world could anyone satirize a television commercial? For persons who share the satirist's point of view, nothing he devises can be more outrageous than what appears on the television screen at least once every fifteen minutes. On the other hand, persons who can sit calmly through an evening of TV are not likely to be affected by his wildest inventions. There are no norms to which he can effectively appeal.

Crippling as this situation is for the satirist, it does have advantages. Today the line between fantasy and what we like to think of as reality is so blurred that a writer can cross it again and again and carry at least some of his readers with him. What seems at one moment to be exaggeration for satirical purposes comes to look like sober description, and the commonplace turns in the twinkling of an eye into the bizarre. If he cannot find ground for satire, the novelist can be quietly amused by his own predicament.

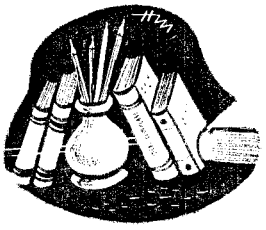
This is the strategy that has been adopted by Richard G. Stern, who seems to be a characteristic product of our times. An A.B. from the University of North Carolina, an M.A. from Harvard, a Ph.D. from the University of Iowa, he is now an assistant professor of English at the University of Chicago. But note that this enterprising young academician has contributed stories and poems to highbrow quarterlies and little magazines, and has published two novels, "Golk," which appeared in 1960, and now **"Europe"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95).

Although it is published second, I suspect that "Europe" was written first. Parts of it appeared in magazines in 1953 and 1955, and its action takes place in 1949-50. The order may be important, for "Golk" is the better book, and it is pleasant to think that it represents a step ahead rather than that "Europe" is a step backward.

"Europe: Or Up and Down with Schreiber and Baggish," to give the book its full title, is a comedy of Americans in Europe. These are persons who go to Europe for the sake of fulfillment, as so many Americans do these days, and Stern's point is that they remain completely themselves. On the flyleaf he quotes from Nietzsche: "Every man of character has a typical experience which recurs over and over again." Such an experience, Stern shows us, cannot be escaped by a crossing of the Atlantic.

Schreiber, bored by his life in the United States and haunted by memories of a romantic affair in France at the end of the war, finds no more happiness in Europe than he had found at home. At the end he is just what he was at the beginning: "a capable, disengaged, unaggressive shadow, part drifter, part romantic, displaced, uneasy, available." Baggish, on the other hand, achieves wealth and respectability in Europe by way of falsehood, theft, blackmail, and treachery, which he could have employed to the same effect in the United States. A third American, Ward, tells himself that he wants to get away from his father's business, but Europe only serves to convince him that the business is where he really belongs.

"EUROPE" is awkwardly constructed. We begin with Schreiber's charmingly vindictive daughter, and then, in a flashback, meet his erstwhile mistress. Just as we are getting interested in Schreiber, we are invited to contemplate Baggish, and we turn from one to the other until for a time they are brought together. Meanwhile, Ward has been popping in and out of the story, as he continues to do. These are all quite extraordinary characters in their different ways, and Stern makes them credible in spite of their bizarre qualities, but I should have been happier if the book hadn't compelled me to keep twisting my head this way and that.



"Golk" has a cast of even more bizarre characters, but one of them is clearly the central figure, and, though Stern pauses from time to time to relish the oddities of the others, he keeps his eye on Golk. Golk is the inventor and producer and principal actor in a TV program named "You're on Camera," which can be described as "Candid Camera" carried to its logical extreme. This is a one-man show; the producer's stunts are called golks, and so are his assistants. Two of these assistants, Herman Hondorp and Jeanine Hendricks, are important in the story. When Golk's boldness proves too much for the network, they are the ones who take over, but they are Golk's epigones, as he says, and under them the program sinks into mediocrity.

THE character of Golk raises interesting problems. He is professionally engaged in the most outrageous invasion of privacy, and yet most of his victims are delighted, and he becomes a national figure, not feared and hated but admired. If Stern let the situation rest there, we should have satire of a rather tepid sort, but he insists on going further. Golk is no ordinary Paul Pry; he is an artist, and that is why he has so intense an influence on the people around him. We begin by marveling at a culture that will permit such a man, so employed, to become one of its heroes, but we end by asking ourselves what manner of man this is who can make so much out of such unpromising material.

Stern is acutely conscious that this is a world in which anything can happen. In "Europe" Schreiber's Negro corporal, Tiberius, becomes a kind of Middle Eastern potentate. In "Golk" Herman Hondorp, who has spent thirty-seven years on the fringes of life, is briefly transformed into the kind of big shot who can fly to Paris for a weekend. Nothing seems beyond the bounds of possibility. Even situations that have become clichés of popular fiction can be introduced; in this world, the author is saying, they, too, can happen.

Stern is developing his own kind of comedy. He does not rely on gags, as Peter DeVries too often does, and his situations are not contrived to produce belly laughs. He is not trying to write satire, for he takes it for granted that there are no standards by which the antics he describes can be judged. He is simply amused by what he sees about him, and he manages to share his amusement with his readers. He is not angry, he is not shocked, and he is enjoying himself. He can be witty without having to hit anyone over the head. He is his own man, and I look forward to seeing what he does.

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The Bad Ape-Man Seed

"African Genesis: A Personal Investigation Into the Animal Origins and Nature of Man" by Robert Ardrey *(Atheneum. 384 pp. $6.95), asserts that modern man, as the child of his anthropoid ancestor, is irrevocably committed to war. Sally Carrighar, who has lived with primitive peoples in the Arctic, wrote "Wild Voice of the North."*

—From the book.

By Sally Carrighar

ROBERT ARDREY, a Hollywood script-writer, has attempted to synthesize recent discoveries in the various life sciences and to extract their collective meaning. With such a background how authoritative, it was certain to be asked, can his conclusions be? His answer is given in Chapter I: that he has a unique qualification in being a dramatist. "A dramatist is a specialist . . . in human nature." And further on in the book, "Hollywood knows more about the inner nature of *Homo sapiens*, viewed as a species, than any political, philosophical, or scientific school on earth."

In Africa to write about the Mau-Mau for *The Reporter* in 1955, Ardrey was shown the skull of a creature that probably was one of the links between apes and the human species. Found near the skull was the fossilized bone of an antelope's foreleg, which may have been used as a weapon by that early "man." The bone hit Ardrey's consciousness like a bludgeon. Our ape-man ancestor was a killer! The dramatist's thoughts raced to a dire assumption: we, descended from killers, have inherited their murderous instincts and are thus committed to war.

This new view of man's destiny seems to have taken hold of Ardrey's mind like an obsession. With immense patience he gathered facts from publications in geology, biology, ethnology, sociology, even astronomy and the history of weather. He went on field trips. Finally, when he believed that his conviction was fully documented, he presented it in a book that is entertainingly, even brilliantly written in places, and at a breathless pace which makes it hard for a reader to slow up and analyze Ardrey's arguments soberly. Yet they must be analyzed, for if taken too literally this book could be dangerous.

Early man was a killer: but of course! It has been known for decades that when the ape-man climbed down from his tree, where he had only to reach for a banana when he was hungry, he began to lead a more strenuous life and needed more robust nourishment, *i.e.*, meat, in his diet. Lacking fangs or claws, he required hunting tools, and with his evolving brain he invented them. Early man was a *hunter*. How could that familiar fact have seemed so significant to the script-writer?

Ardrey does not assess his facts as carefully as a scientist does. A sharp-toothed jawbone was one of the relics of the African "man." The author simply assumes that it was used for "slashing," although an Eskimo would be likely to see it as an excellent hide-scraper. There was, besides, a tool that looked like a knife: a weapon for murdering, says the author. But knives would have been valuable for many reasons, such as making thongs out of skins and cutting away underbrush.

Trying to show, then, that early man's hunting was due to instinctive belligerence rather than hunger, Ardrey made a survey of animals' social customs. He relates much interesting information about their hierarchies and their guarding of homesites, which he sees as the antecedents of our status-seeking and warfare over national boundaries. It is true that many animals challenge associates until the group sifts down into a logical order of weak and strong. After that status-arranging, peace descends. Concerning animals' so-called territoriality, their feelings of ownership regarding individual and group habitats, conflicting interests do sometimes cause antagonism. It is extremely rare, however, for bloodshed to occur. Animals compromise. They adjust their differences. That tendency is the instinct we inherit from animals. We have wars because we ignore our instincts.

In any case, cannot instincts be modified by the process of evolution? It is assumed by most scientists that they can be and are. On this pivotal point Ardrey seems confused. "No child of ours . . . can differ at birth in significant measure from the earliest of *Homo sapiens*," he says and yet admits, "We know . . . that the higher the animal, the weaker is the grip of instinct." And, "Learned responses . . . can play almost as powerful a role in the conduct of the higher animal as instinct itself." Are we or are we not inescapably the puppets of ape-man's impulses?

In minor ways, too, there are discrepancies in this book. Ardrey's view of sex will seem bizarre to most field naturalists. He interprets his science sources as meaning that male animals are not much interested in females; they are the passive victims of female lust. It is because nature does not intend females to be attractive, he says, that most female birds are dull-colored. But ornithologists have assumed they are inconspicuous to escape the eyes of predators when they are brooding eggs and can't leave their nests.

Finally one must protest Ardrey's statement that many scientists share his sensational view of man's weaponry and its consequences, but they conspire in silence to hide their knowledge in "a labyrinthine underground of unreadable journals and museum back rooms." This is nonsense. No reputable scientist conceals his vision of truth, and the same reports of scientific discoveries that Ardrey studied are on the open shelves of every good library.

In his own summing-up, Ardrey has stood in his own light. Concerning the alternatives to war, he writes:

> Civilization is a jerry-built structure, and a more unattractive edifice could scarcely be imagined. Its greyness is appalling. . . . No bands boom, no flags fly, no glamorous symbols invoke our nostalgic hearts. . . . If man is to survive without war, a gloomier conclusion could not be written than that this fragile, despicable structure must become our court of last appeal. . . . If the corridors of human enlightenment are to provide us with salvation, then a drearier whimper, one might almost conclude, could scarcely be imagined. Let us have the bang.

Does he mean it? Or has he, a latter-day C. B. De Mille, written the script for a super-spectacular to be titled, perhaps, "End of Man"?

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The Land Was Theirs

"The American Heritage Book of Indians," edited by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *narrated by William Brandon (American Heritage-Simon & Schuster. 417 pp. $15),* ***"The Patriot Chiefs: A Chronicle in American Indian Leadership," by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.*** *(Viking. 384 pp. $5.95), and* ***"These Were the Sioux," by Mari Sandoz*** *(Hastings House. 118 pp. $3.50), elucidate the achievements and culture of various tribesmen in the New World. An ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, John C. Ewers is the author of "The Blackfeet: Raiders on the Northwestern Plains."*

By John C. Ewers

THE CURRENT vogue for king-size books composed largely of colorful pictures is made to order for the American Indian theme. Indians, resplendent in war paint and feathers, are exceedingly picturesque. And for readers who love violent action the bitterly fought Indian Wars can compete quite successfully with the Civil War itself even without the timeliness of a commemorative centennial. Because these large picture books are expensive to produce and must sell in large numbers and at high prices, the publishers must be careful to entrust the accompanying texts to writers whose flamboyant style matches the color of the pictures.

It is no accident, then, that "The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War," which appeared in 1960, should be followed by "The American Heritage Book of Indians" as that publisher's major volume for 1961. The narrative by William Brandon, a facile writer, attempts the colossal task of condensing more than 200 centuries of Indian achievement in the Americas into little more than 200 pages of text. He has created a swiftly-paced account of the origin of the Indians and the development of prehistoric cultures in various regions of the New World. Then he presents the historic tribes in such regions and at such times as the Indians played roles of significance opposite the white man's expanding frontiers of geographical exploration, trade, and settlement. Generally those tribes that provided the most action in resisting white expansion receive the greatest attention. Many others, including most of the tribes of South America, are ignored or passed over rapidly.

Some of the author's interpretations are questionable. Nevertheless, his effort to integrate the findings of anthropology and history to provide a meaningful demonstration of the Indians' contribution to our American heritage represents a pioneer effort in a wholly admirable undertaking. The author may have come closer to realizing his difficult objective than most critical anthropologists and historians will be willing to acknowledge. Scholars will equate his pert, flippant handling of his materials with superficiality. His attitude toward scholars will be especially galling to the host of specialists who assisted American Heritage in selecting and documenting the pictures for this book. Stating bluntly that "studious individuals with their gaze fixed on the past sooner or later go a little nutty" is no way to win friends among mature archeologists and ethnohistorians.

As a picture book, however, this volume will win as high praise from scholars as it will from the general public. Only the specialist fully recognizes the rarity of many of the pictures which have been patiently selected from the pictorial treasures of a great many museums and libraries in this country and abroad. One would have to travel tens of thousands of miles to see the originals of all of these pictures. They include the first colored reproductions of very rare Mexican Codices in the Library of Congress, and sixteenth-century European artists' drawings from life of Greenland Eskimos and Indians of the Caribbean, of Florida, and of coastal North Carolina.

Seventeenth-century pictures are rare because, strangely enough, this first century of English colonization on the Atlantic seaboard yielded few pictures of the Indians encountered. The fascination of Indians for the European artist gained momentum in the eighteenth-century when Eastern Indians visited Europe, white exploration and colonization extended into the Mississippi Valley, and Spanish, French, and English seamen visited the Pacific Coast. As the interior of the continent was explored during the nineteenth-century, artists in the field pictured the native Indians for the information of the folks back home. The nineteenth-century harvest of Indian pictures was rich—Mandans, Blackfeet, and Sioux on the Great Plains; Flatheads and Nez Percés beyond the Rockies in the Northwest; grubbing Gosiutes in the Great Basin; Pueblos, Navahos, and Apaches in the Southwest, and lesser-known tribes in the vast interior of Canada.

Perhaps the editors omitted some of the classic nineteenth-century pictures of Indians because they believed those portraits or scenes had been overexposed in other recent books on the Indians. However, it is strange to see an Indian picture book without one of Catlin's views of a buffalo hunt on

—From "The American Heritage Book of Indians."

Fresco from Temple Wall at Teotihuacan

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horseback. Some of the scenes included, which are rich in minute detail, would have been more informative had they been reproduced in a larger size.

Nevertheless, the total effect of the picture sections of this book is very impressive. No words could as effectively demonstrate the remarkable achievements of the prehistoric Indians of the Southwest, Mexico, and Peru as do the striking photographic panoramas of the ruins of their large apartment houses and ceremonial structures, and the full-color photographs of specimens of the exquisite arts and crafts produced by those able and ingenious people. With equal directness pictures reveal the great variety of ways of life among the less sophisticated tribes.

In another book, "The Patriot Chiefs: A Chronicle of American Indian Leadership," Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., who edited "The American Heritage Book of Indians," deftly weaves the story of Indian resistance to the advancing white man's frontier in this country around the personalities of nine outstanding Indian leaders of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. It seems to me that Hiawatha, traditional founder of the League of the Iroquois, fits rather awkwardly into this pattern. But the other eight—King Philip in New England, Popé in the Southwest, Pontiac, Tecumseh, and Black Hawk in the Midwest, Osceola in Florida, Crazy Horse on the Plains, and Joseph of the Northwest—were all strong, tragic leaders in the Indian Wars. Mr. Josephy insists that they were "as much a part of our heritage as any of our other heroes, and they belong to all Americans now, not just to the Indians."

There is grave danger, however, in the recent apotheosis of Indian heroes to cast all white men as villains in the drama of frontier Indian-white relations. All Army officers were not Indian-haters. All Indian agents were not crooks. A true history of Indian-white relations must allow room for the many explorers, traders, missionaries, civilian officials, Army officers, doctors, teachers, and other whites who sought to understand and to help the Indians.

As a portrayer of Indian values and customs Mari Sandoz's lean little book, "These Were the Sioux," far excels either of the two larger volumes previously mentioned. It clearly demonstrates the understanding of Indians that can be offered by a gifted, sensitive writer who has had extensive firsthand knowledge of the Indian people about whom she writes. Although the Oglala Sioux were some of the fightingest warriors in frontier days, Miss Sandoz presents them as the friendly, deeply religious human beings she knew as a child in northwestern Nebraska and whom she has studied ever since. With feeling born of understanding she traces the processes of development of a boy and girl in traditional Sioux culture from birth to manhood and womanhood, showing clearly how customs that may appear strange to us played meaningful roles in the social and moral development of Sioux children.

To all writers who shed bitter tears over the injustices done the unsophisticated Indians by the unprincipled whites I recommend the courageous philosophy of Mari Sandoz's friend, the old Sioux warrior, Bad Arm. He had helped to wipe out Custer's force on the Little Big Horn. He had seen his wife and children shot down by white soldiers at Wounded Knee. His bitterness was tempered with a calm fatalism:

> All life was injustice he thought. Lightning found the good and the bad; sickness carried no respect for virtue, and luck flitted around like the spring butterfly. It is good to learn this from the mother's milk.

Here is the philosophy of a people who have no use for our tears. But they can use our understanding and our help.

The Last of the Yanas

"Ishi in Two Worlds," by Theodora Kroeber *(University of California Press. 255 pp. $5.95), records the discovery and subsequent civilizing of a "wild man" found outside a slaughterhouse in the Sacramento Valley. William Hogan is the San Francisco Chronicle's book editor.*

By William Hogan

THE PAGEANT of Western migration in America is not altogether a morality play. In spite of the convenient phrase "justifiable conquest," the encroachment on Indian lands was often marked by savage terror—on the part of the whites.

The Yana tribe of Indians, for example, which inhabited a small, remote area of northern California, was decimated by mass murder, hangings, forced migration, and disease. A particularly primitive sub-tribe, the Yahi, vanished altogether. Before it did, a single survivor, a man of about fifty, wandered some forty miles beyond the old boundaries of his homeland. Terrified, nearly naked, and starved, he was discovered outside a slaughterhouse in the Sacramento Valley community of Oroville one day in August 1911.

Here was a "wild man," the San Francisco press dutifully reported. As he could not communicate verbally with other Indians, he was clamped into a cell used to house the insane. The Yahi—later to be called Ishi, or "man," in his old language—may have been wild, but he was not insane. A highly intelligent fellow, he had in effect made a journey from the Stone Age to the twentieth century, as bewildered as a native of Oroville might have been if transported to Mars.

In "Ishi in Two Worlds," both an anthropological study and a poignant biography of the Yahi, Theodora Kroeber tells the fascinating story of what happened to Ishi in this world. Whether or not it is a classic of anthropology (it indeed may be), the book is a dramatic human story by an articulate writer whose collection of California Indian tales called "The Inland Whale" was one of the most underrated books of 1959.

Mrs. Kroeber is the widow of the University of California anthropologist Alfred Louis Kroeber, who was to become Ishi's benefactor, great friend, and "big chief." With the blessing of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Dr. Kroeber and a colleague, Professor T. T. Waterman, rescued Ishi and transferred him to a university museum, located in San Francisco at the time.

Under professional tutoring, Ishi was quick to learn the white man's language. He had values and an admirable code of behavior. He was a storyteller and craftsman. A splendid informant, he remembered most everything about his early life and how the last dozen or so members of his tribe had died off. Ishi was cooperative and happy in his new surroundings. He acquired a street address and became a popular living "exhibit" at the museum. Until he died of a bronchial condition in 1916—an old man compared with the average age of his people—Ishi contributed a vast and rare fund of information on the California Indian.

It is a credit to Dr. Kroeber particularly that the last of this abysmally mistreated breed found peace and hospitality within an alien tribe. Academic scholarship is richer because of Ishi's remarkable journey in time. And now, in this compelling narrative, so is the white man's literature.

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Shadows of the Dispossessed

"Nomads and Empire Builders: Native Peoples and Cultures of South America," by Carleton Beals *(Chilton. 264 pp. $7.50), details the customs and artifacts of long-lost civilizations. Nicholas Guppy, author of "Wai-Wai," is at present writing a book about the explorer Sir Robert Hermann Schomburgk.*

By Nicholas Guppy

IN SOUTH AMERICA there are 558 major languages, belonging to ninety-four groups. Each represents a people with a history stretching far back into antiquity, with traditions and folk tales, a distinct culture, sometimes even a high civilization to its credit. The people today of India, of China, of South East Asia have vast remains of their ancient achievements, amid which they live. But so complete has been the dispossession of America's native races that we speak of their glories entirely in the past tense. We are familiar enough with the ruins of Mexico, the great agricultural terraces of Peru, the fascinating and beautiful pre-Columbian art works in our museums—but what has happened to their makers? We use maize, potatoes, quinine, tobacco—but where is the native American genius? Its tragedy stares at us from the faces of the laboring classes in a score of countries.

In the history books the story of the New World is one of conquest and colonization, wars of liberation, gold rushes, rebellions. Except when they were in process of being subjected, exploited, or exterminated, little attention has been paid to the indigenous races. Even today they are the concern of a mere handful of anthropologists, sociologists, government officials, missionaries. Carleton Beals has attempted the difficult and worthy task of surveying this other, "shadow" story of South America, from the earliest times to the present day.

It is a huge, complex subject, very unevenly known. His book contains some excellent narrative and descriptive passages concerning such matters as Pizarro's capture of the Inca Emperor Atahualpa or the seal-hunt ceremonies of the Alakaluf. But mostly it tends to skim, listing curiosities, speculations, native words, author citations, loading the mind with unsorted detail:

> Wood-block stools were used in the western Amazon, though sometimes reserved for only honored guests, chieftains, and shamans. The stools sometimes rested on two wide side feet, or had four legs, and were often oval or slightly hollowed. Four-legged seats carved in animal shapes were used in the Guianas, the upper Xingu, and by the Incas. Two-sided stools were made by the Jivaro, also many mountain peoples. Carved turtle-shell stools were used in the Guianas. The Chibchas had stools with backs. Where there were forests, log and back benches were common. The only tables of ancient vintage, except among the Incas, were used in southwest Brazil. Eating was customarily done sitting cross-legged around mats.

This sort of thing goes on for most of 264 pages. There seems no reason why it should not have gone on longer, so long as Mr. Beals had patience and a good library at hand. Even so it takes a fair discipline to read right through. It is hard at times to follow the sequence of thought: the chapter called "The Golden Ear" (agriculture) also includes village planning; that titled "Headshrinkers" skips from the Jivaros of Ecuador to Amazon Mouth pottery. Sometimes one encounters unnerving inaccuracies: "terracing, irrigation, reservoirs, and canals were other tangible records of advanced ancient life. . . . In the Majos area of eastern Bolivia irrigation canals—one twenty feet wide and 6,600 feet long, another ten miles long—paralleled the raised highway. The ancient Casiquare Canal connected the Negro and Orinoco rivers." But the Casiquiare—to spell it correctly—is in fact a natural watercourse.

—From the book.

The Supreme Inca in ceremonial dress.

Cautiously used, the book remains interesting to the specialist in a single region or topic, because by dipping here and there (or by means of the excellent index) he may find little-known facts or remind himself of things he had forgotten. But for the general reader Mr. Beals seldom stays long enough with any one subject to arouse the interest. Any of his themes, treated at length, would have made a readable and useful book; scrambled together piecemeal in this way, they are extremely hard to digest.

Late Victorian

By Byron Vazakas

THE baby princes in their high-chairs squawk
for change, and splash their spoons in bowls of
cereal. Though Grandma, in her majesty,
sits tight at Windsor, wearing weeds, both lawns
and beards are trimmed for Jubilee. Conscience
commands the Laureate. But hailstones storm
the Crystal Palace like a doubt, and make
the Queen and mother weep unreasonably.
Edward weighs anchor just to get away
from duty, as Imperial portieres
part Neo-Gothic right from wrong
with Albert cased in his Memorial.

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Clashes Before the Bench

"My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer *(Doubleday. 524 pp. $5.95), includes in its account of nine dramatic litigations Quentin Reynolds's libel suit against Westbrook Pegler. Francis X. Busch, a member of the Illinois Bar, is the author of "Law and Tactics in Jury Trials."*

By Francis X. Busch

THIS is a splendid book. To illustrate his thesis that "law is truth in action" and its techniques the means of "setting truth in action so as to achieve justice," the author, a distinguished and highly successful trial lawyer, has taken from his wide and varied experience nine cases. Two are libel actions, three are divorce suits, one an action for copyright infringement, two are actions for damages for death by wrongful act, and one is a corporate "proxy fight" to obtain control of "a quarter-of-a-million-dollar industrial empire."

The facts, the drama, the emotion in these litigations are presented with enthusiasm and eloquence, and in a literary style that holds the reader captive to the end of the book.

Like the experienced trial lawyer who calls his best witness first and concludes with his second best, Mr. Nizer begins his chronicle with the famous case of the well-known author Quentin Reynolds against the equally or more widely-known columnist Westbrook Pegler, and various Hearst publications; the last chapter in the fascinating volume is reserved for the struggle of financial titans for the control of Loew's Incorporated, producers of motion pictures under the trade-name of "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

To plaintiffs and their lawyers alike the results of libel actions in the American courts have been distinctly disappointing, usually involving months of arduous and expensive preparation, weeks of grueling trial, and verdicts for nominal damages. Judgments for six cents (witness the Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Ford cases) have been considered adequate "vindication" for the victim of a wilful defamation. The Reynolds-Pegler case is the conspicuous exception. Here, by a laborious and

Louis Nizer—dedication to ideals.

amazingly resourceful investigation, a mountain of evidence was amassed to prove the falsity and recklessness of the publications involved. By masterful cross-examinations, which will stand comparison with the finest demonstrations of the truth-extracting art, the essential ingredient of malice was established. Brilliant summation completed a flawless presentation. The result: a verdict for $175,000 as punitive damages, which was sustained on appeal, and paid in full with legal interest! The larger consequence is summed up in a paragraph of Mr. Nizer's brief in the United States Court of Appeals:

> This case affords an opportunity to protect the individual from malicious libel; to inculcate a revived sense of responsibility in newspapers; to encourage the old tradition of checking facts; and to control reckless writers who build circulation by extremism and sensationalism.

The events in a corporate proxy fight would seem most unpromising material with which to interest the average reader, but following Mr. Nizer's dramatic recital of the bold and often unethical offensives and the frequently desperate counteroffensives of the contending forces in the Loew's Incorporated struggle, one is literally swept into the line of fire, and awaits with the eagerness and tenseness of a participant the outcome of each successive clash. The long sequence of incidental litigation will lead the layman to wonder if the processes of the law will ever be exhausted. But it ends in a victory for the stockholders: the converting of a pre-existing annual deficit into a huge profit.

Through this book Mr. Nizer has rendered both his fellow-practitioners and the public a distinct service. To the former his dedication to the high ideals of his profession and his indomitable courage in the face of obstacles will be an inspiration. To the latter he has presented a true and needed picture of the American courtroom that cannot but increase confidence in the judicial process.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS OK

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to take a good look at the definitions on the right and fill in the vacancies in the words on the left accordingly. Answers on page 20.

1. _ _ OK	frenzied
2. _ _ OK	register
3. _ _ OK	trap
4. _ _ OK	defraud
5. _ _ _ OK	tolerate
6. _ _ _ OK	bend
7. _ _ _ OK	swayed
8. _ _ _ OK	hobgoblin
9. _ _ _ _ OK	loose
10. _ _ _ _ _ OK	warm wind
11. _ _ _ _ _ OK	abandoned
12. _ _ _ _ _ OK	apprehended wrongly
13. _ _ _ _ _ OK	prospect
14. _ _ _ _ _ _ OK	neglect
15. _ _ _ _ _ _ OK	variety of muslin

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Kaleidoscope of the Poet

"Carl Sandburg," by Harry Golden *(World. 273 pp. $5), pieces together from a jigsaw of commentary a portrait of the guitar-strumming bard. Norman Holmes Pearson, head of the American Studies Department at Yale, co-edited "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature."*

By Norman Holmes Pearson

"WHATEVER is human interests Harry Golden," Carl Sandburg wrote in his foreword to that immensely popular book "Only in America." Nothing being more human than Carl Sandburg, it is hardly surprising to find Harry Golden writing about him. The method of "Only in America," as Sandburg described it, was that of a journalist who, essaying everything, "drops the sheets of writing in a barrel. Comes the time of the month to get out his paper . . . he digs into the barrel to get his paper." Harry Golden seems to have painted CARL on a second barrel. Now comes the time to get out the book. Golden would prefer to call it a "commentary." The jacket describes it as a "portrait."

"Carl Sandburg" is both of these, although the method is disconcerting. What we have instead of the ordered pattern of a biography is a series of newspaper columns focussed from many angles on a single personality. What we have also is the dream of the common man editorialized. "He is a man," Golden writes at the onset, who "you think must be tall because he ought to be tall. Someone remarked of him once that when he was young and dark he looked like a Sioux brave—all shoulders and alert eyes. Once his hair turned white, he began to look more like an Osage chief—with oil wells."

The glimpses we have of Sandburg are only loosely connected and often repetitive, for the book is in many aspects a careless one. But if there is an advantage in Golden's method of comment, it is because he parallels the fragmentary manner by which we come to know and comment on most men. His is certainly the process by which the image of Sandburg has become impressed upon our time. "I believe," remarks Golden, "that the only writers America has accepted as personalities have been Mark Twain and Carl Sandburg. It is a harder struggle for a native American writer to gain recognition as a personality than it is to gain publication. This is because Americans expect writers to be celebrities." Mr. Golden knows what is expected.

Sandburg indeed springs from a generation and a tradition that believed in the rewards of personal color. As early as 1908 he was lecturing on "Walt Whitman, an American Vagabond." Sandburg learned much from Whitman's open-collared image, as he also did from the moderate-Gypsy example of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, from the evangelism of Vachel Lindsay, and from all of the Ezra Pounds who adopted one persona or another to distinguish themselves in dress and in manner. Sandburg was perhaps smartest of all in exaggerating the simple qualities of the laborer and setting them to the music of the guitar.

There is not much in Golden's book about Carl Sandburg's poetry. At least there is not much expressed in the critical terms by which the qualities of poetry are usually assessed. But this is not a book for critics. It is written by a friend who can call Sandburg "one of us." Golden sees in Sandburg the qualities of the "essentially American," and Golden is looking for what he finds. "The first two duties of the poet," he writes about his friend's career, "are to find his voice and his listeners. What happier unity for him than television." This is an audience that has given its allegiance to Sandburg and the substantial unity of audience to which Golden appeals.

To miss the book would be to escape an image that has indeed become part of us. It would be to miss innumerable and attractive pictures of Sandburg as a young man and Socialist worker. It would be to escape the recapturing of Sandburg's perpetual vitality and kindness. We can see him attractively as a family man and host. Out of obscurity he becomes again the white-haired, dark-horse candidate for the Presidency of the United States, when "Wendell Willkie wasn't the only dark horse considered by the Republican Party pros." We see him too, speaking appropriately at Stevenson's elevation to the governorship of Illinois in 1948.

No ordinary biography could capture the image and impact of Sandburg. Harry Golden has had the warmth to do so in his own way.

Plain Talk from Honest Abe

"Conversations with Lincoln," compiled and edited by Charles P. Segal *(Putnam. 396 pp. $6.75), demonstrates with direct quotes the qualities that made a modest rail-splitter great. "Web of Victory: Grant at Vicksburg" is among the many books by Earl Schenck Miers.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

INCREDIBLE though the fact may seem, Mr. Segal has managed to put together still another book about Abraham Lincoln that possesses freshness of viewpoint, broad interest, and validity as an exercise in historical research. In more than a hundred recorded conversations that have survived, here is Mr. Lincoln coming face to face with politicians and generals, friends and foes, savants and crackpots, and proving himself the while to be as much a master of the spoken as of the written word.

Perhaps what this fine book demonstrates most forcibly is why Lincoln endures as the leading figure of our national legend. No one ever has been so thoroughly American. Under the pressure of the verbal sparring that makes up the daily life of a President, he reveals the dry humor of a Will Rogers, the occasional polished corniness of a Bob Hope, the genuine wit of a Mark Twain, the statesmanlike depth of a Thomas Jefferson, and the innate testiness of any of the numerous Adams clan.

This portrait of Mr. Lincoln is one of shifting moods and emergencies. We see him on the night of his election, telling his political workers: "Well, boys, your troubles are over now, but mine have just begun." We hear him explaining why Edward Bates, his Attorney General, has reddish hair and white whiskers: "Bates uses his chin more than his head." We can believe

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that Mr. Lincoln did say in his interview with the high-strung wife of General John C. Frémont, whom he had canned for confusing civilian authority with military necessity, "You are quite a female politician"—and that he said it in "the sneering tone" Mrs. Frémont insisted he used. We can believe also, when Mary Lincoln overspent by $7,000 an appropriation for refurnishing the Executive Mansion, that the President did refuse to approve such an expenditure "for *flub dubs* for this damned old house, when the soldiers cannot have blankets!"

Many worried about Lincoln. As early as mid-November of 1860 the Ohio newspaperman Donn Piatt was aghast to realize the President-elect "should have been so blind to the coming storm." And Congressman W. A. Richardson, a Democrat from Illinois, while admitting that Lincoln was an honest man, still feared that he lacked "the will to stand up against the wily politicians who surround him and knead him to their purposes." Completely in character, Mr. Lincoln might have given the same homely response to both these critics: "We won't jump that ditch until we come to it." In the end he handled politicians, generals, and the members of his official family with consummate skill.

How? Mr. Segal, exploring through mountains of diaries, letters, memoirs, and little-known manuscripts, discovers the proper answer. His annotations, adroit and concise, guide the reader to safe harbor on this ticklish journey. What of course he is actually discovering is Mr. Lincoln himself—this man of depth and strength, of faith and purpose, of love and kindness.

Often the richest rewards in this book come in unexpected moments. There is the occasion in Brady's photographic gallery when Mr. Lincoln, requested to "just look natural," replies: "That is what I would like to avoid." Or the scene in an army field hospital when Lincoln, bending over the cot of a wounded Confederate, announces that he is President of the United States and hopes the soldier will shake hands with him despite that fact. Or when, haunted by the vision of approaching death, he sums up his life for an old friend: "I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

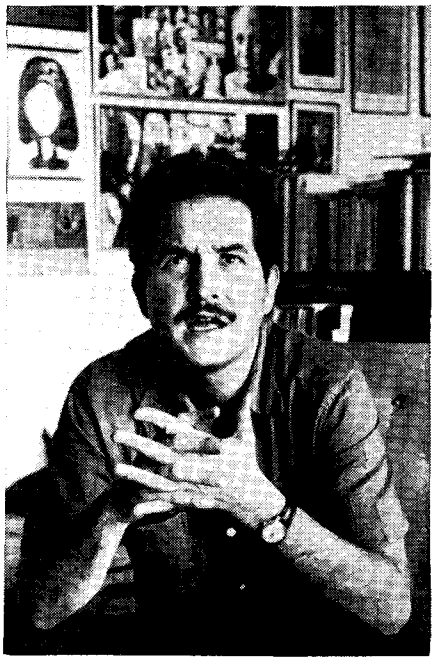
1. amok. 2. book. 3. hook. 4. rook. 5. brook. 6. crook. 7. shook. 8. spook. 9. unhook. 10. chinook. 11. forsook. 12. mistook. 13. outlook. 14. overlook. 15. nainsook.

FICTION

Growing Pains of a Bourgeois

"The Good Conscience," by Carlos Fuentes, *translated by Sam Hileman (Obolensky. 148 pp. $3.95), traces the turmoil of a Mexican adolescent shocked by the gash between reality and dreams. Saul Maloff is on leave as professor of English and American literature at the University of Puerto Rico.*

By Saul Maloff



—*Bernice Kolko.*

Carlos Fuentes—"mixed intentions."

WHAT distinguished Carlos Fuentes's impressive first novel, "Where the Air Is Clear," was precisely his ability to manage firmly and sensitively—always as an artist, never as an ideologist—the kind of packed and turbulent social scene that is so often the undoing of the "political" novelist. Taking as his material the passionate revolutionary past and critically-poised present of Mexico, he brought to it with the grace of a true novelist an instinct for the decisive point at which personal destiny meets historic circumstance, illuminating history in human terms and making of abstract ideas the vital tissue of dramatic event and encounter. We too often confuse politics with polemics, forgetting that the great masters were in an important sense political novelists and that the genre remains an eminently viable one. Whatever we may think, it is a genre that proposes itself compellingly to writers who are themselves participants—as Fuentes notably is—in their contemporary experience; who are themselves intensely and immediately involved and who see their characters also as "engaged." To them the subjective novel, the novel of "sensibility," may seem an indulgence obscenely more expensive than the bread and wine they require art to be.

In his new novel, "The Good Conscience," Fuentes places his scene in territory that has been conquered over and over again by the novel: the life of the bourgeois family in a comatose and smug provincial capital—here, Guanajuato in Central Mexico. Swiftly, he delineates the history of three generations, starting with the small merchant who is the founder of the line; uncovering the dark ways by which it prospers: the strategic, advantageous marriages; the corrupt, opportunistic politics. Remote and threatening Mexican history erupts in violence, but almost as a rumor, as Guanajuato, removed from the center of great events, merely reacts to its reverberations. Part of an unreal background, Porfirio Díaz and General Victoriano Huerta, Francisco Madero and Emiliano Zapata act out the great drama of Mexican revolutionary history while the town whispers and scurries, while the family tends its business, adjusts to the victor, intrigues, exploits, and plunders, lends money, salvages what it can—pious, moralizing, hypocritical.

"The Good Conscience" seems to be, in intention, a dynastic novel of epic range. Actually, it is not that at all, as quite suddenly it becomes a novel of the sensitive adolescent discovering in his agony the awful gap between the dreams and reality. After the panoramic opening, Fuentes pauses with this boy, who is the last of his line, to tell his story of growing awareness and final defeat. His initiation is a spectacularly full one, including phases that are rather too familiar, as, for example, the set-piece of a brothel scene in which he meets his sententious, pillar-of-society uncle-guardian; but including, also, an incestuous passion and a religious crisis dramatized by self-

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flagellation with a whip of thorns and masturbation in an empty church while embracing the plaster feet of the crucified in his quest for mystic illumination.

The pattern is that of rebellion and escape, insight and repudiation. Ironically, the author makes of it a novel of mock-rebellion and ultimate acquiescence, reversal and loss, as the boy accepts his fate and patrimony. What Fuentes has written, then, is a novel of the making of a bourgeois, all dreams and hope abandoned, together with love and compassion.

The trouble is that the book cannot support its superb possibilities, failing as it does to seize the dramatic moments and establish a clear dramatic line, being, as it is, excessively panoramic and expository. It is a pity, for the book contains tremendous energy and scope, which remain latent, unabsorbed as fiction. Finally, faced with Fuentes's mixed intentions and shifting design, we feel what he has given us here is a sketch for a large-scale novel of Mexican history and experience seen as defeat and promise. This is the novel Fuentes should write, and did not.

A "SLUMMICK" AND HER CHARGES: Mother is hospitalized, Father can't cope, and David, Sue, and Glenny Prosser find themselves transplanted to a tiny house in rural England under the confusing supervision of Jean Dobie, a good-natured incompetent who suffers from an unfaithful husband and a grindingly meaningless life. On the face of it, Marilyn Duckworth's second book, **"The Matchbox House"** (Morrow, $3.75), is another addition to a notable line of English novels devoted to the study of childhood in a time of adult instability. Cultivating narrative territory somewhere between the *tour-de-force* fabling of "Lord of the Flies" or "High Wind in Jamaica" and the steady, documentary plainness of Keith Waterhouse's "There Is a Happy Land," Miss Duckworth's novel evokes with an admirable economy of means that delicate mixture of simplicity, fantasy, and precocious worldliness which seems the standard make-up of fiction's recent children.

The children here are beautifully observed and absolutely convincing, although we have met them before: stiff, adolescent David, sharp-tongued Sue, frightened Glenny. It is in the characterization of their temporary foster mother that Miss Duckworth's very real accomplishment lies. A self-convicted "slummick," shambling about in her dressing gown, hopelessly mired in inefficient housekeeping, weak-willed lonely, without confidence or resources, Jean Dobie is a woman without self-knowledge or discipline. She is guilty of nothing but sloppy thinking, but it is this that allows her to drift perilously close to tragedy as she reaches for comfort in a fantasy love affair with the children's father, and finds herself half-consciously cultivating the sexuality of thirteen-year-old David instead.

An improbable story; the mark of Miss Duckworth's skill is that we are eventually caught up in it. There are times, however, when the whole thing seems as flimsy as the matchbox house of the title, particularly at start and finish. The author gets her novel going with the delicacy of a suburban housewife herding hubby and children off for the day, and she almost destroys an intense resolution with one of the unhappiest concluding paragraphs in my experience of English prose. But this is little more than quibbling in the face of the clarity and power of the rest. Miss Duckworth's matchbox house may be small, and roughly put together here and there, but its foundations go deep indeed. —Barry Spacks.

ALL THIS AND COLOR TOO: You stomp and clap and cheer for him in the dance hall, because he's the great jazz musician, grand panjandrum of bebop, sweetest and farthest soaring sax on any bandstand.

But you maneuver to avoid meeting him in the street and you don't have him in your home, for he's a drunk, takes dope, has the morals of a tomcat —and he's a Negro.

He is the Eagle, famous Richie Stokes, looking like death though he hasn't reached forty, never sure in the morning that he can recover the shiny sax he pawned only the night before.

It is at the pawnshop's forbidding window that we first encounter him, and with him David Hillary, the white man who will try to be big enough to be his friend. They have sunk pretty low: penniless, bloated with drink, scarred with dissipation—you wouldn't want the white in your home any more than you'd want the Negro. Unable to forget his dead wife, Hillary is nevertheless reduced to hocking his wedding ring. The two men go on a bat, and are rescued by another Negro, Keel.

In effect the whole story of **"Night Song,"** by John A. Williams (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), simmers down to, or rather boils up madly into, a succession of rescue operations, with the reader on tenterhooks wondering whether help will arrive in time. Keel must be raised out of his tragic despondency. The Eagle must be saved from alcohol and shots in the arm and, more pressingly, from a jealous husband. Above all, Hillary needs to be shielded from the fatal handicap of being white. For the truth is, any color, white as well as black, shackles and fetters just as long as the inner man is conscious of the outer. In the usual warped social setting, the Negro is the underdog. Ethically, however, he is the luckier, because the principal problem falls crushingly on the white—that is, on David Hillary, for whom the wretched hour comes when he must literally maneuver to avoid the meeting in the street. Hillary's confession of cowardice, coupled with his acknowledgment that "Keel doesn't have the choice, he can't be a coward," provides one of the really brilliant and dramatic insights in our race-relations fiction. Ultimately Hillary does lack the very courage that white Della so beautifully has—for this Negro author doesn't tar all whites with the same brush.

Scratch a white man, or a black, says Williams in this memorable first novel, and you find—a man, a man with fire in his blood and a song in his heart, a man with loves and hates, petty, generous, passionate, frustrated, triumphant, all kinds of a man, but a man to whom color is just one more dreadful trouble in addition to all the rest. —W. G. Rogers.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 960

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 960 will be found in the next issue.

P AND N GRUFDE, QRRU –CKGRKSFU ORL. PE PD RBHRSU ECNE CND GNUF GF PTDKHHFSNOMF.

–DPS GNB OFFSORCG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 959

No cause can command the deepest loyalties and the greatest sacrifices of men till it is presented under a moral aspect.

—Schlesinger Sr.

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Gifts to Have and to Hold

—From "The Little Juggler."

By Alice Dalgliesh

THIS Christmas season, when we are divided between hope and uncertainty for the future, what do we want for children and young people? Fun for a brief time, a feeling of security in so far as it is possible to give it, for many children are desperately insecure. And of course books, both entertaining and thoughtful, as well as those rare books that manage to be both.

As always, the books written especially for or about Christmas have a strong feeling of nostalgia, this year perhaps more so than usual—as if adults were trying to hold to the "good old days" that seem to be slipping through their fingers. There is, too, a sprinkling of reprints of Victorian fairy tales. Some books make a valiant effort to give the true feeling of Christmas, to counteract a season that has been commercialized almost to the point of no return. For gone may be the mysterious appearance of a doll under the Christmas tree. Its prospective "mother" can now visit a New York department store and watch her child assembled piece by piece by factory workers. She may also see it come off the assembly line "under its own power" and walk into the box in which it is to be carried home.

Most of us have forgotten the toys given us for Christmas, but perhaps memories of books remain—those flat packages which might be opened last but which outlasted the toys. And every Christmas, in addition to selections from the new output, there should be a promise of old favorites to come at intervals throughout the year. Let no child miss the charm and good writing to be found through book lists that almost any library will supply; there is much good writing in selected children's books, no matter what the prophets of doom may say. The key is in the word "selected." Let every child miss the sloppily written books, the cynical ones trying to please adults, and the heavy, oversized, laminated volumes of fairy tales that, particularly this year, scream to be bought. These items fit no bookshelf (including mine, which are twelve inches high) and they have a type page so long and so wide that many a child will be discouraged at first sight. As I look at these creations, I wonder who buys them. We can be thankful that some publishers are bringing out smaller books, comfortable and easy for a child to hold and to read.

In times of stress books have a way of standing by. I remember a Christmas in World War II, and have a clear-cut mental picture of the twelve-year-old English cousin who came that year to stay with me for three war years. As it began to grow dark, she sat stiffly in a big chair, attired overwarmly physically, though not spiritually, in a blue winter coat sent from home by her mother. Held tightly to her heart was a small, red, limp-leather-bound copy of Kipling's "Kim"—a gift from her soldier father. I turned on the lights of the Christmas tree, but she still sat there holding the book closer and closer. Although she had excellent reading ability she wasn't an avid reader, and she was also rather a tough-minded girl, apt to avoid the least evidence of sentiment. But—"Daddy read me the 'Just-So Stories' when I was little and he wants me to have *all* the Kipling books in this edition." Later, when the room was fully lighted she discarded the coat, but read "Kim" with a fierce determination that held back tears. Gradually the story itself took over and, at least for an hour or so, displaced homesickness. Yes, good books have a way of standing by.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE. *By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrations by Beni Montresor. William R. Scott.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. "It was the middle of the night/ And night of all nights it was Christmas./ The children couldn't sleep./ . . . Then one of the children said/'Let us all go down and touch the tree and make a wish before we go to sleep.'" So they tiptoe down the long, long stairs, into the pine-scented hall and into the living room. Here the artist makes the decorated tree a thing of wonder. The text says "red and blue and green"; actually the tree is brown and orange, gold and black—but somehow it glitters. (Something could have stood a little adjustment? The story?) Fat stockings hung on the mantle, packages under the tree, carols in the air. The great adventure over—back to bed, with the Christmas star shining over all. A lovely, simple, exciting story for very small children today: there is no sense of nostalgia, only present excitement, wonder, and a feeling of Christmas. Ages 4-6.

—From "Christmas Is a Time for Giving."

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME OF GIVING. *By Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $1.75. A gay little book that will be a favorite this Christmas, partly because of the author's success with "A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You," and partly because it happens to have one of the best titles in a long time. The pictures, with the artist's typical children, are in red, green, and black; they are full of the joys of the season. The text sometimes trembles on the fine edge between sentiment and sentimentality. Varied ages.

THE TOMTEN. *Adapted by Astrid Lindgren from a poem by Viktor Rydberg. Illustrations by Harald Wiberg. Coward-McCann.* 32 *pp.* $3. "Here is a lonely old farm where everyone is sleeping. All but one. . . . On small silent feet the Tomten moves about in the moonlight. He peeps into cowshed and stable, storehouse and toolshed. He goes between the buildings making tracks in the snow. . . ." His red cap playing against the mysterious winter night, the Tomten (a household spirit) visits the animals and the children and gives them reassuring promise of summer to come. The story is retold by a Swedish author from a well-known nineteenth-century poem, and the pictures are by an outstanding Swedish painter. While it is not a Christmas book, the Tomten usually plays a part in the Swedish Christmas. Ages 5-8.

MINCE PIE AND MISTLETOE. *By Phyllis McGinley. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Lippincott.* 32 *pp.* $2.95.

In Maine they cut the evergreen,
In Kansas bells begin.
Now through the gates of fifty states
The lovely day comes in.

In this slight but pleasant book, the

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blue and dusty-pink illustrations try to keep pace with the author's lively verse, which tells how various Christmas customs came to this country.

Miss McGinley is stern with the Pilgrims for noncelebration of Christmas: "Oh, aren't you glad/ That you weren't alive/ In sixteen-twenty or twenty-five?" Poor old Pilgrims! They did try to have a Christmas dinner of sorts on the *Mayflower* after their day's work. To each his own feelings; to each his own beliefs! Varied ages.

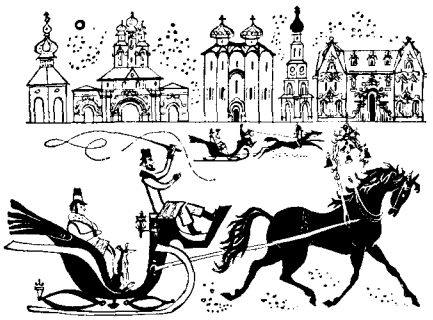
THE LITTLE JUGGLER. *Adapted from an old French legend and illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Hastings House.* 48 *pp.* $3. The tale of the little juggler of Nôtre Dame has been told several times before, but has not apeared in such a gay Christmas book. Barbara Cooney went to France "to see the places where the little juggler wandered" and also to see the 700-year-old manuscript that is thought to be the story's earliest source. The pictures, in this artist's typical style, are in black, bright blue, red, and green. A charming book. Ages 6-10.

RACKETTY PACKETTY HOUSE. *By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. Dodd, Mead.* 112 *pp.* $2.95. This little book has the original illustrations in color, though the plates seem somewhat worn. It will be welcomed back into print by those who loved it in their childhood, and wish to share it with today's children. Ages 5-9.

RACKETTY PACKETTY HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES. *By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Scribners.* 190 *pp.* $2.95. In the Scribner Willow Leaf Library the title story has new line drawings. The other two tales are "Sara Crewe" and "Prince Fairyfoot." Ages 6-10.

THE NOBLE DOLL. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Leo Politi. Viking.* 48 *pp.* $3. Small girls who do not *have* to own mechanized dolls will like this story of an old (and noble) doll in Mexico. Luisa goes to live with Doña Amelia and help her with her work. While the story states that "Luisa was a constant joy and busy as a wren singing as she flew from chore to chore," one cannot help wondering if Luisa is not too young for quite so much responsibility. However, looking at it just as a Christmas story, Leo Politi's colorful pictures are very attractive, and the celebration of Christmas—along with Rosita the doll—gives a feeling of Mexico. To find the music of the *posada* and *piñata* songs look also at Leo Politi's "Pedro the Angel of Olvera Street" (Scribners, $2.50) translated into Spanish as "Pedro el Angel de la Calle Olvera." Ages 6-10.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS SHELL. *By Eleanor Cameron. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 184 *pp.* $3.25. To discover a mystery story that is both pleasant to read and to look at is a joy; and certainly all California children —and the many other children who like mysteries—should have this one by an author already well known to children for her Mushroom Planet books. It is in Redwood Cove, obviously on the Monterey Peninsula, that her story is set. Some of the familiar ingredients are here—a missing letter that leads to a missing will—but the clues are carefully provided, and the story, which holds interest to the end, is fresh, the people in it almost real. The shell, found in Redwood Cove on Christmas day, is different, too, and it is a clue, though only an indirect one, to the missing letter. "I knew the shell was magic," said Jennifer. "Didn't you? It did the impossible—" Ages 8-12.



—From "Kashtanka."

PEACOCK PIE. *By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Knopf.* 117 *pp.* $3. It is a gift for any time of year to have "Peacock Pie" in print again, with its imaginative poems for all ages. Whether or not the artist has been entirely successful in this most difficult assignment will be a matter for individuals to decide. The poems are all here, and one of them not written for today, but seeming to have a reminder for us, is "Unstooping." It refers to the evolution of man and its last lines are:

> The doors of all their houses
> They arch so they may go,
> Uplifted o'er the four-foot beasts,
> Unstooping, to and fro.

KASHTANKA. *By Anton Chekhov. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Translated by Charles Dowsett. Walck.* 49 *pp.* $2.75. When this story was published in England, the *Times Literary Supplement* was lyrical about it. Apart from the fact that it is by Anton Chekhov, the book is one that no one can help noticing—for it is skilfully illustrated, though the play of small black-and-white illustrations against full-page, colorful ones must have been fairly difficult to achieve gracefully. The story is a slice of a dog's life: Kashtanka is ill-treated by her drunken master and his young son, is lost, found, and trained for the circus. But when the dog sees her old owners at the circus there is a joyous, dramatic reunion, and Kashtanka happily follows her earliest friends back to the little room with the dirty wallpaper, the tasty meals. "She felt she had been walking behind them from the beginning of time, and she was happy to think that this life had not been interrupted for a moment." In the Soviet Union this is read in fifth or sixth grade.

THE BORROWERS ALOFT. *By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. This is good-bye to "The Borrowers," for at the end of the book Mary Norton assures us that she has told all she knows about them. We feel deprived, but happy to think how many children will read the four books over and over; how many children who are babies at present will grow old enough to read them. The Borrowers—for those who have not met them—are little people who borrow the things we lose, and they have names and real personalities. This time they are kidnapped by a greedy couple who plan to make money by exhibiting them—and everyone knows that borrowers must not be seen by too many humans. How they escape in a balloon manufactured from borrowed objects is the story. We wish them well. Ages 6-10.

SAINT JEROME AND THE LION. *By Rumer Godden. Illustrated by Jean Primrose. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $2.50.

> To Bethlehem, with its white stone
> and towers,
> its brown hills where larks sing, and
> its unexpected flowers,
> iris, anemones, scillas and cyclamen
> that scatter the bare gullies; to
> Bethlehem
> where Christ was born, came the great
> Saint, Jerome.

Rumer Godden has told, in verse, the story of St. Jerome and the lion that is seen with him in many medieval pictures. It is for "all ages," and for quite special young readers—perhaps to be read aloud.

YOUR TEENS AND MINE. *By Eleanor Roosevelt with Helen Ferris. Doubleday.* 122 *pp.* $2.95. Warmly and sympathetically, Mrs. Roosevelt talks to teen-agers who are not quite sure of themselves, and want to develop self-confidence—as we know she did herself. Those who *are* confident can also find chapters that are useful to them. This is, I think, a book for the twelve-to-fourteen-year-olds; the more advanced teen-agers will probably prefer to read Mrs. Roosevelt's biography, from which excerpts are given.

THE INCAS: People of the Sun. *By Victor W. Von Hagen. Illustrated by Alberto Beltran. World.* 127 *pp.* $3.50. One of a trilogy on ancient cultures of the American continent: Aztec, Maya, Inca. For young people with a serious interest in other civilizations, this is also one of a larger group ("India," by Walter R. Fairservis, Jr., was reviewed favorably last month by Vrinda Nirodi). As I worked with Philip Means, also an Inca scholar, on "Tupak of the Incas" (now out of print), I know this is an excellent presentation of the civilization. The pictures, which are reconstructions, are not only clear, they have individual use of light and heavy line that makes them interesting. The "story," which is slight, is held together by the personality of an Inca boy of twelve, while the information is given directly. The meeting of Pizarro and Atahualpa is naturally the high spot of the book—and here information really makes way for drama. Ages 12 up.

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Saturday Review

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Children and the Bomb

IT happened one evening recently in a Norwalk, Connecticut, home. A boy of six called from his bedroom for Mommy. He had just closed the window himself and now wanted another heavy blanket. It was a mild evening; the mother felt the child's head. He had neither chills nor fever. The mother spread another blanket on the bed, tucked in the child, and said goodnight. Less than an hour later the mother returned upstairs. She discovered that the child had ransacked all the closets for extra blankets, pillows, coats, and heavy clothes, which he had piled high on his bed. The mother found the child at the bottom of the mound, close to suffocation.

Next day the cause became clear. The child had been talking to some school friends about nuclear war and fallout shelters. One of them had reported that she had overheard her father tell a friend to be sure to stock his fallout shelter with plenty of blankets—no one ever knew what time of day or night he would need extra protection.

In Chicago, a mother narrowly averted a grisly family tragedy. Her four-year-old son was in the act of choking his two-year-old sister when the mother came upon them in the bathroom. It developed that the boy had heard somebody say that there wouldn't be enough room in the fallout shelters for everybody and the people who came later would be killed if they tried to get in—even if they were close friends. The youngster had nightmares about being unable to get into the family shelter because he had so many brothers and sisters (four).

In Boston, a high school student told his friends that his ambition in life was to be the bombardier of the plane that would drop a hydrogen bomb on the enemy. His father had told him that the American people were already being slowly murdered by the enemy, who had put poison chemicals in the reservoirs. He wanted to get even.

In California, a five-year-old girl asked her father: "Daddy, where does God go to get away from the atomic bomb?"

AND so it goes. Almost every family has its story to tell. A virulent morbidity has seized the nation, and children are its most vulnerable targets. It's far more serious than disease epidemics, for science can keep these killers in check. But when a child suffers shattering hammer blows of fear to the mind; when his absolute need for belief in the sanity of grownups is suddenly and grossly violated—the harm is deep-seated and the effects may be visible over a lifetime.

To be sure, the fallout shelter psychosis cannot be charged with sole responsibility. Television, to name only one offender, has long served as a mammoth desensitization chamber, making entertainment out of human pain and dispensing brutality as though it were a confection. The vital balances were jeopardized even before the shelter panic began.

But the eruptive preoccupation with fallout shelters has taken the fantasy out of violence. We are no longer looking at moving images lit up in a box. We are now part of the real thing, magnified without limit. The game is brutality; the players are legion. Children are the prime sufferers.

It is not necessary to wait for nuclear war to count the casualties. Every child whose eyes are glazed with fear; every person who has begun to think of nuclear war as a way out or whose exasperation has carried him past the point of no return—all these are casualties and need help. The fact that the damage is self-inflicted in most cases makes it none the less real.

Where did it begin? Some people will say that we had nothing to do with it, that we were merely trying to defend ourselves against an enemy with world designs. This is only a partial answer, for it fails to take into account the fallacies involved in our response to that danger. For example, we had been told for years that all we needed to be secure was military supremacy based on atomic power, We now have what we said we wanted and more. But we haven't had the benefits that were promised. Something clearly went wrong. Whatever it was, we have not yet perceived it, for we are still pursuing the fallacy. We still are looking, many of us, to big bombs and now to big holes.

It is possible that a later historian, if there is one, may find that the problem was far more complicated than that represented by Communism, large though the Communist problem was in its own terms. He may find that the problem, basically, was that the individual nations were unwilling to part with what they conceived to be their absolute sovereignty, relying on old habits of force in a new situation demanding new ideas and new kinds of leadership. To the extent that a nation was unable to think beyond its national nature it turned against itself. To such a historian, no attempt by a nation to seek security would have made any sense unless it was directed specifically and primarily at relieving national sovereignty of its absolutes.

Every once in a while, there is a happy glimmering that the need for such an approach is seen at a high station. Such was most certainly the case when the President of the United States spoke recently about alternatives to force and terror. The effect on one of our own children, aged eleven, was a remarkable one.

"Daddy," she said, "I just heard the President talk about helping the U.N. become stronger. It was wonderful. Now I really think I may live to be twenty years old. Isn't it neat?" —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRIBUTE

Because I was in Cuba when the July 29 issue of *SR* came out I have only now discovered it and seen the comprehensive and skilful attention you gave to Ernest. Thank you very much indeed for doing such a fine job.

(Mrs.) Mary Hemingway.
Ketchum, Idaho

FACT OR FANTASY?

The November 11 issue of *SR* presented reports about books for young readers. As I examined the synopses of several books, I wondered again about the logic behind the "fairy tales" and incredible stories our children have to listen to.

I am tired of telling little children that fish can't really speak English, trains don't really talk, pelicans don't actually exchange boots for fish, ad infinitum. The children find it hard to understand the difference between what goes on in the books and what goes on in their real world. I wish someone would explain the theory behind writing unrealistic stories for children. The young readers deserve a chance to learn real facts while they are enjoying a story. The child's life is happy enough without escapes into the land of make-believe.

Mrs. Caroline B. Norwood.
Machias, Me.

READS BAD LIKE IT SHOULDN'T

I read with a great deal of interest John Ciardi's stirring account of his and his family's valiant but vain struggle against the prevalent use of "like" as a conjunction [*SR*, Nov. 4]. May I, however, solicit his and your readers' sympathy for a primary teacher who is waging the same sort of struggle against illiterate authors of children's textbooks. I am particularly referring to a reader, "Down Our Way," one of the volumes in a series which, in characteristic educational jargon, is called "The Developmental Reading Series—A Basic Reading Program." On page 89 the Waddling Duck says, "Swim like I do." On page 98 a boasting Big Dog proclaims, "He does not have a fine coat like I have." I most certainly wish I had several young Ciardis in my class who at this moment would not whisper but shout out, "*As*, damn it!"

Peggy S. Leibik.
Evanston, Ill.

CHEERS AND A CHALLENGE

Re James Tracy's comments on Niccolo Tucci's well-worded definition of "love" [Letters to the Editor, Nov. 25], "Love so resembles death, and so resembles life, that it cannot be likened to anything, not even to itself":

I suggest that Mr. Tracy join the human race in its move toward solving the riddles of dogmatic definitions of words. When one has attained the height of intuition which Mr. Tucci has attained in his expansion of the definition of "love," he has dissolved at least some of the barriers imposed by dictionaries on too many words which cannot be defined through the medium of other words; those words must be defined through intuition and its resultant action.

Since it is no longer an offense worthy of a Salem persecution to be, or to be considered, a mystic, I put it as a compliment to Mr. Tucci that he is a mystic.

Bonnie Burton.
Washington, D.C.

Help! Your magazine grows worse—because of Tucci. John Lyly was also able to say little in many pretty words. If you must print euphuistic niceties, print Lyly's. At least they read well. But putting Tucci's gilded style aside, we still have this vacuum of thought: "Today comes after tomorrow." I challenge Mr. Tucci to explain this nonsense.

Mark Gelber.
Boulder, Colo.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith.

WAYWARD WINDS

I should like to bring to your attention that in the Criminal Record section [*SR*, Nov. 25], "Winds of Evil," by Arthur Upfield, was listed as being published by Morrow. We are the publishers of this title.

Marie J. Affleck,
British Book Centre.
New York, N.Y.

TOYS FOR PEACE

I side with Mrs. Elise Boulding in her "toys of peace" plea [Letters to the Editor, Dec. 2]. Not only do I give her my support verbally, but I also plan to use my power as a consumer by notifying local merchants of my intentions.

The voice of the consumer can be a powerful one. The seller is responsive to the *known* wishes of the buyer. Since many consumers do not vocalize their desires, the individual *vocal* consumer can influence the seller's choice of merchandise offerings.

I endorse Mrs. Boulding's cogent proposal and hope that others will do the same.

Hal Hoverland.
San Jose, Calif.

SQUARING OFF

Several weeks ago [*SR*, Sept. 23] you reproduced a painting by Mondrian, "Broadway Boogie Woogie." Apparently it was a square full of squares. Some of these squares were indeed colored. The critic's note stated that if one of these squares had been painted a different color, this masterpiece would have been ruined.

Personally, I feel that if all the squares had been left out, including the large one, an even greater masterpiece would have been achieved.

One must admit that this painting is a masterpiece in the sense that it is one of a type that has gained for its painter a worldwide reputation among "intellectuals." Several years ago the late Sir Jacob Epstein described Mondrian to me as a faker. This painting which you reproduced, evidently with an idea of its importance, is just another example of the total bankruptcy of creative ideas in this painter and another vindication of this blunt appraisal.

Please add a new theorem to geometry: the sum of the squares is equal to zero.

Norman M. Hornstein, M.D.
Southport, N.C.

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TV AND RADIO

The Cerebral Charm

IT IS a matter of some sadness and significance that "David Brinkley's Journal" (Wednesday nights on NBC-TV) isn't coming off as well as many of his admirers had hoped. The network's Washington reporter has always been a potent magnet, attracting selective viewers to the early-evening, five-day-a-week news program which he shares with Chet Huntley. Mr. Brinkley is knowledgeable and a skeptic in the finer sense of that word: it is not that he believes in nothing but that he is apt at revealing to us, in his choice of news items and comments on them, the other side of the mountain. We feel we've been given a more honest peek at the news by his often playful but always forthright penetration below the level of reportorial jargon.

That he would carry the Brinkley touch into his new, once-a-week, thirty-minute venture into featurette journalism was something to be anticipated. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that the Brinkley touch is cerebral; and this is what we get in his daily news programs—mostly the reporter on camera, nothing between us and the story but his seeing mind. In the weekly program there's a lot of eye-stuff that is often insignificant by any non-visual standards, pictures among which the reporter's mental beam is scattered, diffused, and very often vitiated. We don't get the consistent, unifying effect of the Brinkley style. On his news programs, we don't know in advance what his stories will be; it doesn't matter. We know that more than likely we'll have a clearer grasp of any subject he treats when we've heard him. On his journal program the subjects he chooses for his essays (there are usually two or three in a single program) do matter. The quality of interest in his comments varies in direct ratio to the significance of his subjects. On a recent program, we were briefly shown a laboratory model of a "music synthesizer" that produces sounds electronically. It was an oddity; and the close-ups of it inspired Mr. Brinkley to nothing warmer than a comment on the machine's "chilly perfection."

When he deals with more substantive material, the subjects often dominate the commentator, rather than the other way around. A segment on landlord profiteering in New York tenements yielded familiar pictures of cracked plaster and bad plumbing, but the fragment ended when the really significant questions were ready to be put—*Why* is this profiteering permitted, and *who*, specifically, is responsible? "Crime does pay," Mr. Brinkley concluded, on another program, after showing us luxurious residences of known racketeers in Grosse Pointe, Michigan. U.S. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and his staff discussed organized crime on the same program. Corrupt officials, public apathy, the two-dollar better—standard figures in the morality play—were all mentioned. The discussion lit up, however, when Mr. Kennedy noted that Al Capone, when he was operating, had more admirers than the big baseball players. The viewer's whetted appetite demanded some sharp, sociological insight into this undisputed American phenomenon—but at this point the segment went eyeward again with superficially dramatic pictures of street scuffles between cameramen and residents of the hoodlum mansions; then it quickly ended with peroration.

MR. BRINKLEY's journal is in the form of short essays. An essay orginally meant *an attempt*. The reporter is attempting to find each week "something worth a half-hour of your time and ours." It will be worth it—if he attempts to answer some of the real questions he raises. This is admittedly difficult to do: the creative thinking involved takes time, off the air and on. Perhaps you can't dig very deeply if you do three segments each week. Therein lies the significance of the journal's weakness to date. It raises the important question of why so valuable a talent in television as Mr. Brinkley, who performs so satisfactorily on his shorter news programs, fails to achieve his objectives in the longer feature form. The answer is that he must somehow regain command of his material: the cerebral charm must not be elbowed off the screen by the eye appeal. If the commentator needs knowledgeable help in the specialized sociological areas that challenge his perceptive mind, he should be given such help. The cause of better television urgently needs the success of "David Brinkley's Journal."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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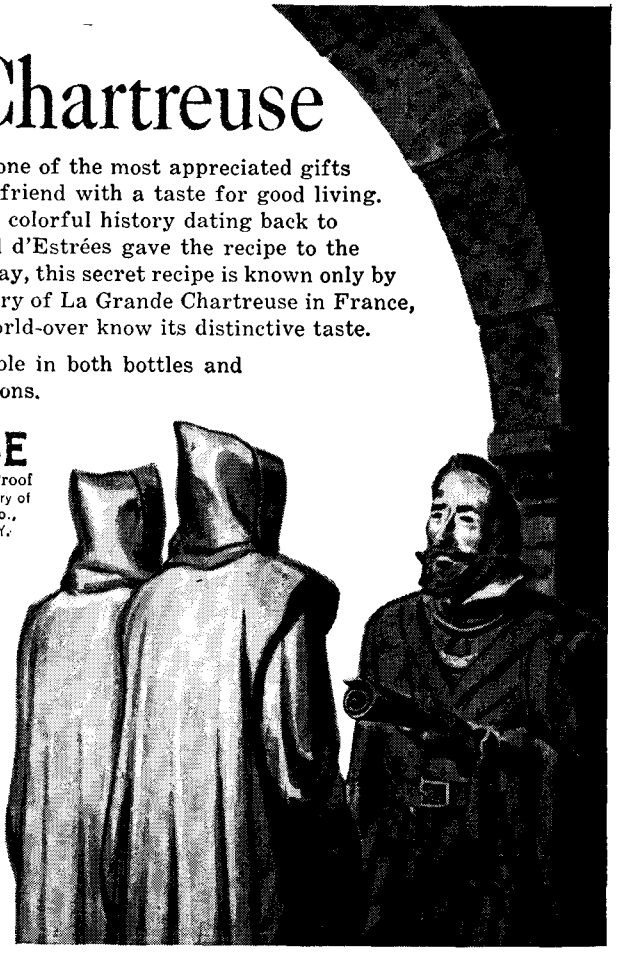

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mostly Seasoning

BRITISH playwright Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons" represents Sir Thomas More simply as a man whose conscience could not reconcile Henry VIII's divorce from Queen Catherine with the Pope's refusal to condone it. For to Mr. Bolt the event itself seems less important than More's obsession to hang on to his identity before God, and at the same time live as comfortably and as long as possible in a treacherous world.

The playwright employs an interesting technique (admittedly borrowed from Brecht) with which to tell his story. He prevents his audience from identifying themselves with More by use of a character called "The Common Man," who not only connects and sets off the dozens of short scenes in the play with profane comment, but who also plays a variety of menial characters within the scenes. The device furthermore permits Mr. Bolt to present to us just the highlights of the story he wishes to tell, and to present them with all the theatrical flourish that attends conjuring up sets and costumes before our eyes.

The technique works better than the play, which in the long run invites our sympathy for a man's unsuccessful exercise of the minor virtue of prudence, or our support for the right of men to use strict observance of law to enable them to hold (though in this case not to state) beliefs considered subversive by the government. Because these beliefs are not stated, except perfunctorily at the end of the play, they are not satisfactorily explored. We are therefore left watching the process rather than the substance. And while a chess game between a clever man and a ruthless government can make for fascinating theatre, this particular game seems to reach a stalemate and then is unfairly won by a weary government that reluctantly introduces a rook that can move in a crooked line (i.e., a perjured witness).

Along the way, however, there are a number of delights frequently cropping up between the swirling entrances and exits and the bits of historical hoopla. First of all, the play maintains a pervading sense of a total society in which there are various types of self-justified behavior. Sir Thomas is a paradoxical combination of practicality and innocence. His son-in-law is by contrast a mixture of strong principles that remain strong no matter how nimbly and self-deludedly he readjusts them to the current situation. Thomas Cromwell can, without delusions, cleverly and ruthlessly administer the government to suit His Majesty's "convenience." The perjurer Richard Rich is recognizable as the man of knowledge without wisdom, ideals without convictions, and ambition without purpose. And Norfolk is the epitome of a kind of stouthearted British nobleman who uses tradition as protection against his own stupidity, and uses his stupidity as protection against having to think or feel too deeply about the shifting realities of the world.

The play features at least two outstanding performances. One of these is the Common Man, played with masterful comic effect by George Rose. Mr. Rose may not be very Brechtian, but he knows how to flaunt sarcasm and shrewdly put his "superiors" in their place. Then there is Paul Scofield as the foredoomed Sir Thomas. Mr. Scofield is hypnotically engrossing as he nimbly races through pithy speeches as if he were too busy thinking about the next idea to waste much time on the one he is voicing, and through the parrying small talk as if he were himself dissatisfied with it. His Sir Thomas is less an intellectual giant of a statesman caught up in the historical and religious conflicts of his era than a fine man who from the beginning is sadly conscious of the apparent universal truth that society tends to work against its finest individuals and its finest institutions. As he says in one of the few outbursts the playwright has allowed him:

> If we lived in a state where virtue was profitable, common sense would make us good, and greed would make us saintly. And we'd live like animals or angels in the happy land that *needs* no heroes. But since in fact we see that avarice, anger, envy, pride, sloth, lust, and stupidity commonly profit far beyond humility, chastity, fortitude, justice, and thought, and have to choose to be human at all . . . why, then perhaps we *must* stand fast a little—even at the risk of being heroes.

Mr. Bolt himself seems to be searching for a way to express his private conscience within a similarly unsatisfactory society. "A Man for All Seasons" moves with a certain theatrical swagger, and occasional flight of subtlety, toward clearing the way for such expression, and is a play for this season at least. But one wishes that both Sir Thomas More and Mr. Bolt had risked revealing more of themselves in it.

—HENRY HEWES.

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—*H.S.*

View from a seaside table, Hotel du Cap.

On the Beach and Off

With this piece Horace Sutton concludes a four-part series on traveling through France. The previous articles appeared in SR's issues of November 11, November 18, and December 2.

ON A beautiful Sunday streaming with sunlight and cheer, this autumn, we were cruising under the canopy of shade trees of Aix-en-Provence that form an arch over the Cours Mirabeau like crossed swords at West Point on wedding day. Somewhere in the environs, in the house called La Californie, Picasso was presumably at work, and somewhere on the shaded streets romped any number of children called Marius, who, after the local practice, are named for the Roman emperor who stopped the Barbarians from the Baltic at the city's portals. It was the best of all places to be on a day that glowed with brilliance and promise, and we headed eastward out of town toward the Côte d'Azur and the beautiful blue sea. Somewhere beyond Le Luc a sign pointing to St. Tropez lured us off the straight road, and we veered into a winding trail that dipped and circled through the pines as it slipped downhill on its way to that celebrated watering place, the summer rookery of Sagan, Bardot, and Bohemia. All those types, so luridly photographed and described, had long since folded their jeans and their low-cut slacks (the season's fashion) and quietly slipped away to wherever it is that international Bohemia hibernates in winter. A snappy wind buffeting across the bay had removed the bathers, and only the yachts remained, growing a great white forest of masts. There were some types, too, huddled behind the glass wind-breakers of the cafés, and for reasons that were somewhat obscure to me a movie company was hard at work filming a scene.

At the door of Lei Mouscardins, a restaurant which, Michelin assured me was worth two stars, we bumped, unexpectedly enough, into a group of friends from the opposite side of the world. Forming an eightsome we sought a large table which at Mouscardins, on a Sunday, even with a strong out-of-season wind blowing, is something like finding an empty cab with a smiling cab driver in Paris on a rainy night during Auto Show week. We got one, albeit on a terrace where the zephyrs strained hard to unhinge the canvas protectors, and ordered one giant *loup*, or striped bass, for all hands. It arrived, a beautiful specimen, on a bed of sizzled sprigs of herbs on which it had been cooked, and with oil and pepper it was a rare treat (mayonnaise on the road, however delicious when handmade with oil, is a chance, along with flying single-engine planes over water, that I will no longer take). On the other hand, and Michelin can copy, the *mousse au chocolat* was a vapid bore and not nearly so blood-tingling as the bill that followed. There at the sea's very edge, far from the big city, in the wind-swept off-season, the fish itself fetched $22. One could only hope that the fisherman had gotten his share.

Cannes lay across the blue and we drove down to it in the middle of a gorgeous afternoon. The sun was glazing the outside of the Miramar, the seafront hotel where we *descended*, as the French are fond of putting it, and the *Independence* rode at anchor in the bay, framed by a palm and surrounded by the Esterel, those shadowy mountains that run clear into the sea. The beach, despite the lateness of the season, was still drawing its incredible coterie of bathers and tanners who gather there in the near altogether. Some come from the hotels that rise somehow with more grace than the stone bulwarks of Miami Beach, but others, emanating from heaven knows what sources, dress and undress on the beach. Ladies wriggle out of a wet bikini while cloaked by a poncho of toweling caught close at the throat. But the men do their changing under an ordinary bath towel and once the bathing suit is off and what the French call the *slip* is on they stand there inhaling deeply, posturing and wondering, for all I know, who won the sixth at Auteuil. Some time later they may be inclined to put on a pair of shorts or long trousers, light a Gaulloise and saunter off, clogs clacking on the Croisette.

If one had the time for it there was day after autumn day like that on the beach at Cannes this fall, to be inter-

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rupted only for a salad Nicoise under the umbrellas at Felix's Blue Bar, or a *pique-nique* on a boat parked off the Lérin Islands. Of all the legends of the Iles de Lérins, and there are several, the most famous is the Man in the Iron Mask, who in 1687 was incarcerated in the fortress of the Ile Sainte Marguerite. No one knows for sure who he was and it has been variously supposed that he was the son-in-law of Louis XIII who let slip a word about the king's alleged impotence; that he was the bastard brother of Louis XIV; that he was an accomplice of a famed poisoner; and, most bizarre, that he was the great-grandfather of Napoleon. With all these stories and more, the guides have a merry time, and about all that is truly known about the mysterious prisoner is that his mask was not iron but black velvet. Although the Man in the Iron Mask never escaped, a French marshall who had been sentenced to twenty years for improper surrender to the Germans during the War of 1870 did, by disguising himself as a stout tradeswoman, a fact which French officialdom is less than delighted to have perpetuated.

Sailing back from the Iles the yacht harbor at Cannes, even in the fall when the yachtmen are presumably back in their towers in the world's capitals, looks like the Fort Lauderdale marina in February. Above the fringe of hotels that ring the Croisette the hills rise abruptly until, high on the horizon, having rumbled into mountains, they are formidable peaks, snow-capped and fit for skiing. Why Napoleon during the 100 Days decided to take the route over the Alps I shall leave to Hanson Baldwin, Fletcher Pratt, and other arbiters of the battlefield, but the truth of it is that he landed at Golfe-Juan just outside Cannes on March 1, 1815, and, choosing the mountain road, by way of Grenoble, was in Paris by the 20th.

Despite the fact that it is fitted snugly between Cannes, that repository of summer glitter, and Juan-le-Pins, the family resort, Golfe-Juan has largely been unspoiled by tourists. It is a town of yachts and fishermen and a mosaic plaque that reminds the passers-by of the historical footprint left here by Napoleon. When the lookout on the ship shouted, "Land!" Bonaparte is said to have called him to his side and emptied into his sailor's hat all the money on his person.

In the hills above lies Vallauris, the old pottery town that was mouldering in obscurity when Picasso decided to take up the art a few years ago. Now it teems with pottery shops, and wheels spin in the workshops turning out tiles and tubs, dishes and vats, which are spread all over the streets, making passage precarious. If you knock over a pot the potter expects you to pay for it. Picasso's own works, or editions of them, are sold at Madoura, a handsome gallery where his signed ashtrays bring about $20 and a collection of twenty-five of his plates costs $2,000 for the set. In the Place Paul Isnard stands a sculpture, "Man With a Sheep," given by Picasso to the town, and across the square a twelfth-century chapel, now called the Museum of War and Peace, is covered with Picasso murals. In his odd, imaginative, and uninhibited way Picasso represents war as a nightmare, peace as the liberator of humanity. War is an absurdity, a sort of funeral cortege in which the horses stomp on the book of culture. The peaceful poses are painted on white. Girls dance and work becomes a child's game.

WHAT makes the coast so compelling and so singular are the nearness of the hills to the sea, and the delights that lie half-hidden in them. Up in La-Colle-sur-Loup there is an inn draped on the remains on an abbey built by the Knights Templar. Stone monks and stone pigeons flank the entrance and live pigeons flit through the trees which are candlelit at night. The courtyard is paved with ancient stones and covered by a canopy of old vines and leaves. The upstairs hotel rooms are a disappointment, but the myriad of dining rooms are a joy, covered with paintings including the works of the owner, Jean-Marie Poulain, who, having changed from man to woman, wrote the book called "J'ai Choisi Mon Sex." His daughter is reputed to have remarked, after the change, "Now I have two mothers."

High on a nearby hill, with its walls still intact, standing like some complete acropolis, is the celebrated village of St.-Paul, a delight of travelers, of Riviera residents, of artists and artisans, of small shopkeepers who have fashioned inviting ateliers in the old stone buildings that slump, shoulder against tired shoulder, along the curling aged alleys. Angels in the niches and white angora cats in the windowsills watch over the promenaders who browse among the antiques, the paintings, the cherrywood pipes, the olivewood trays, the hand-woven fabrics, the hand-woven screens. Down the hill to the rampart's edge winds the narrow avenue until the houses are at an end and there is a sweeping view to the cultivated terraces where women fuss over the dull green of the carnation fields that will bloom with the late winter. Far down the valley one can see the sea, and far up one can see the mountains dominatd by the bulk called Le Bau de St. Jeannet. When you speak *provençal* a *bau* is a mountain.

One of the most celebrated small inns of Europe, the Auberge de la Colombe d'Or, hangs on the very edge of a terrace in St.-Paul and in good weather the diners sit on a broad esplanade where white pigeons patter underfoot, a Léger fresco stands under the pomegranate trees, and the view to the stepped carnation fields is varied and endless. The swimming pool has the same view and in case one tires of it there is a mosaic by Braque set in the wall, hard by the orange trees, the inhibited cypresses standing so rigid and neat, and the odd *arbouse* that offers a surrealist fruit that is red and fuzzy on the outside, yellow in the middle, and good to eat.

In the enclosed dining rooms where the assemblage moves in the chill season, Chagalls hang over the piano, Braques over the desk, a Miró over the buffet. The main dining room is covered with Picassos, Buffets, Dufys, and Légers, a collection that is dizzying and too rich, like eating a whole *St. Honoré* by yourself. In a hallway hangs one of the many Picassos, a sketch drawn on a paper napkin, thrown away by the artist and retrieved by the innkeeper, who had Picasso sign it the next time he came. Many of the Picassos were given to the inn which awarded the painter an equity in food and drink. Does he still come? "Ah, yes," they say at the inn, "because he still hasn't eaten all his paintings."

IN THE rash of art robberies along the Rivera, the Colombe d'Or was once stripped clean of its collection, valued at an estimated $3,000,000. Diligent police work and some help by the local priest, who is supposed to have gotten a tip during a confession, brought about the return of all the works. Some which could not be lifted were the murals on

(*Continued on page* 64)

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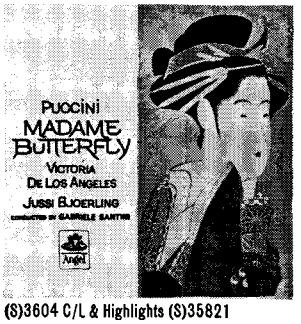

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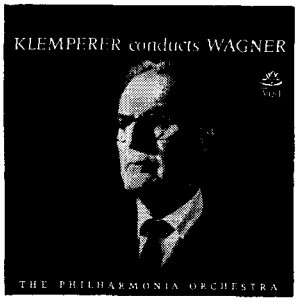

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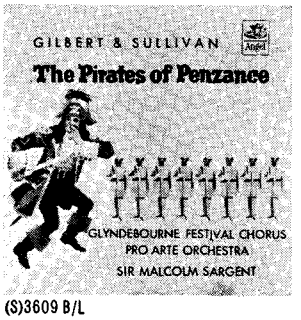

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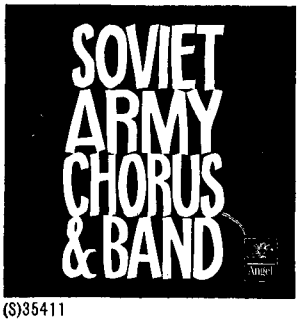

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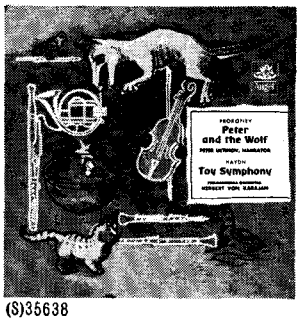

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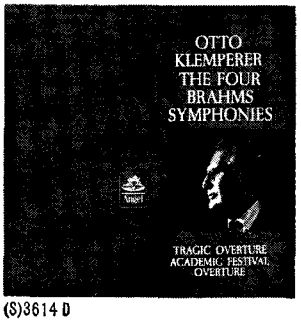
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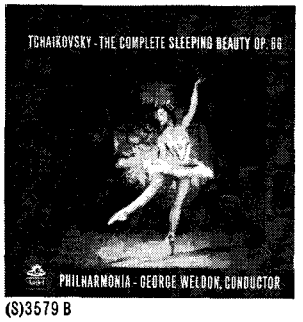

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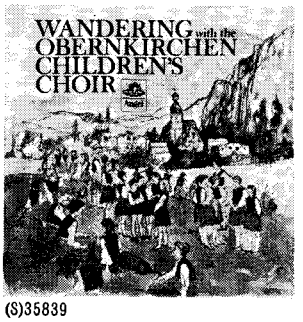

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bravos for Bruckner—Vishnevskaya

WHEN all the other worthwhile scholarly inquiries have been accomplished, somebody should undertake a study entitled "The Devaluation of the Bravo." Like the dollar, which was once a firm measurement of value, or the pound, the bravo was once held in reserve for an achievement so exceptional that mere handclapping did not suffice. Now, however, it has become the anticipated, almost automatic outcome of any sufficiently brazen blast at the opera, the frenetic conclusion of a piano concerto (no matter how gravely the performer has offended previously), and, of course, the end of any symphony by Mahler or Bruckner.

Thus the bravos that followed the conclusion of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony as performed in Carnegie Hall under the direction of guest conductor Josef Krips were, in a sense, as much scored in as the fortissimo measures of C major chords played by the full complement of the New York Philharmonic plus visiting brass. Accustomed as I am to hearing Bruckner described in terms of his "nobility," his "spirituality," and his "humility," I find it quixotic to have such a noisy outburst described as apocalyptic when, in the work of a composer less intellectually fashionable, it would rate merely as vulgar or bumptious, or both.

As the reports of the press are not in at this writing, I have no way of knowing whether these bravos were earned, or merely honorary. I have yet to hear any performance of a Bruckner symphony which I could describe as wholly satisfactory, for lack of any Bruckner symphony which is, of itself, wholly satisfactory. Some might say that Krips achieved a laudable objective in shrinking its elapsed time somewhat (about seven minutes under the previous Philharmonic time) without recourse to anything like a cut. But I do not think that speed is the answer to interest in Bruckner. It seemed to me that Krips tended to a critical view of some repetitions in choosing, at certain points in the scherzo and finale, tempi that reflected a view to "getting on with it." Full faith in the music should include the patience to permit it to bud and blossom naturally.

Where Krips earned a full measure of credit was in the clarity and discipline of the orchestral playing, the interplay, in the ensemble, of the separate choirs and the responsiveness of the big brass section to his dynamic demands. Assuming that the sound heard was what Krips truly preferred and not merely what he was able to achieve with the Philharmonic, it shows a tendency to a leaner, more concentrated kind of sonority than was associated with him when he first began to be heard from, after the war.

As balance to the expanse of Bruckner, Krips posited the works of two equally celebrated for their conciseness. Actually Webern's "Passacaglia" of 1908 (his Opus 1) is not nearly so explicit of his later preferences as the "Coriolanus" Overture, which preceded it, is of Beethoven's. However, it all made for an illuminating discourse on syntax, phrase structure, and other elements of musical rhetoric which occupied the orchestra and the listener in this program (especially if one took advantage of the Sunday afternoon broadcast to hear the Beethoven and Webern after an exposure to Bruckner earlier in the week).

BETWEEN her recent "Aidas" and her forthcoming "Butterfly" at the Metropolitan, Galina Vishnevskaya of the Bolshoi Opera presented a recital program in Carnegie Hall which was even more enterprising than the one she sang last winter and proportionately more indicative of her limitations. It was certainly enterprising for her to follow two Bach excerpts ("Seufzer, Traenen" from Cantata No. 21 and "Mein glaubiges Herz," both in German) with the demanding "Abscheulicher" from Beethoven's "Fidelio" (the text sounded Russian to me), but her true abilities showed themselves in Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death."

What had been, in the preceding Bach and Beethoven, merely well-studied endeavors to comprehend an alien musical speech became, in the Moussorgsky, the expression of a conviction, an identity of medium and mediator which commanded attention as well as respect. Not merely did she go far in the direction of realizing the vocal inflections required in the "Lullaby" to delineate the mother, her sick child, and the ghostly voice of Death which comes calling for it; she also showed clearly that the Russian language and the vocal method she pursues are intimately associated. Her "Trepak" was also thoroughly idiomatic. On the other hand, "The Commander" is essentially a man's song and rather defeating for the fullest power she could summon.

In point of quality rather than volume, Miss Vishnevskaya's soprano sound is lacking, for my taste, the warmth or the color appropriate to Bach in German, and deficient in size for the dramatic requirements of Beethoven, whatever the language. Doubtless there were reasons for her use of gestures (mostly semaphoric) to illustrate Leonore's determination, but I would have welcomed more for the ear, less for the eye. I have no desire to make Alexandre Dedukhin's piano playing a subject for punitive action at home, but he scrambled more than a few passages in Bach and seemed to have scant thought of what instruments were represented in the Beethoven background ("horns" were played staccato, flutes marcato, etc.).

If a pianist is to be measured by musical impulses and his way of going about the realization of them, then David Bar-Illan's choice of a program devoted to Schubert ("Wanderer" Fantasy and A major [Opus 120] Sonata) and Beethoven ("Eroica" Variations and the "Appassionata") for his recent Carnegie Hall recital merits only admiration. He is, also, possessed of the musical intelligence to justify his choices and a kind of conviction, especially in the quieter episodes, which kept the listener alert and attentive.

However, in the swift-moving, more animated passages Bar-Illan let the listener down as often as he uplifted him. Some of this was due to overpedaling, which blurred outlines and fragmented sonorities; rather more was due to an inclination to take things for granted. Some stock-taking is in order if Bar-Illan is to profit properly from his abilities.

The second "Lucia" of the Metropolitan season differed in several respects from its predecessor (Jan Peerce as Edgardo, Bonaldo Giaiotti as Raimondo, and Frank Guarrera rather than Lorenzo Testi, who was ill, as Ashton). Fortunately for the audience, which paid benefit prices to be present, the Lucia was again Joan Sutherland, who pushed her own personal standard a notch higher. This had less to do with execution per se (it is hard to excel excellence). Rather it was a matter purely of sound—or of sound purer than matter. Brighter, clearer, a shade more vibrant than before, it made one dream of a Nilsson-Price-de los Angeles-Sutherland cast (perhaps for Meyerbeer?) in which all would be euphony. Silvio Varviso showed a real grasp of the conductor's problem in dealing with the unexpected as well as the expected.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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For Young Listeners: Christmas '61

CHILDREN's records, like issues in other fields, tend to trends, and a current one is the addition of several outstanding issues to that always welcome category, the "talking book." These records do not attempt a dramatization of a story: they are excellent readings, by someone who knows how, of the popular children's classics or worthwhile material of more recent origin. A notable new one from Pathways of Sound is the "Elephant's Child," by Kipling, and selections from Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" (P.O.S. 1021), read by Carl de Suze. Another from the same source is a highly satisfactory treatment by Robert Brooks, Jessica Tandy, and Hume Cronyn of Kenneth Grahame's imaginative "The Wind in the Willows" (P.O.S. 1022, read by Brooks, P.O.S. 1026 pairing Tandy and Cronyn).

A perpetual favorite with children (as well as with others) is Cyril Ritchard, who brings, to whatever he does, qualities that can be enjoyed either by youngsters or their parents. Recommended is "More Selections from Alice in Wonderland" (Wonderland RLP 1422). This has the added attraction of excerpts from Alec Wilder's "Alice in Wonderland" Suite as background music, which neither drowns out the narrator nor competes with the spoken word.

Comparable to Ritchard in a dual appeal is Danny Kaye. He has long since established his ability to charm children the world over, and he draws on that endless supply of ingratiating manner in his "Six Stories from Faraway Places" (Golden LP 62). This is good storytelling uncontaminated by slapstick, and utilizing sound effects as they should be—incidental to the telling of the story rather than dominating or, as sometimes happens, even obscuring it altogether.

Another world of experience is represented by two antithetical Americans —Carl Sandburg and the late Dr. Tom Dooley. Sandburg's authentic reading of his own poetry (Caedmon TC 1124) is much enhanced by his sympathetic delivery, which has a strong appeal to children. But, obviously, this is the kind of documentary experience that will absorb grownups as well. In the "Portrait of a Splendid American" (Columbia ML 5709) the notable work of Dr. Dooley in his Far East outpost is recalled through an account of his life. His contributions to medicine and the welfare of the human beings he encountered are also reviewed. Highlights include excerpts from his writings and the sound of his own radio broadcasts. This is especially recommended for children from twelve up.

For the younger group (4-8), Young People's Records has long had a successful series of storytelling records, with the stories interspersed by songs or jingles appropriate to them. On the reverse side of each record are selections from the concert repertory. The theory seems to be that the child will listen to the story, turn the record over, and listen to the music. Each side has its value, but the combination strikes some as a little incongruous.

It is well to avoid records that undertake "dramatized versions" of famous stories, or try to condense such a book as "Peter Pan" or "Treasure Island" on one side of a record. More often than not, they go in for loud sound effects and harsh voices (both for the narrator and the supporting cast) which tend to confuse the child, and certainly do not contribute to an appreciation for the literary values of

Stories With and Without Music

"Elephant's Child;" "The Walrus and the Carpenter;" "The Jabberwocky;" Selections from "Hunting of the Snark"	Read by Carl de Suze	Pathways of Sound 1021
"Wind in The Willows" Kenneth Grahame	V. I—Robert Brooks V. II—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn	Pathways of Sound V. I—1022 V. II—1026
"Cinderella"	with Marjorie Westbury, Atlas Theatre Co.	Atlas EN 10008
"Young Abe Lincoln" (from the Broadway production)	Original Cast Album	Golden 76
Charlton Heston Reads from the Life of Christ	with the Robert de Cormier Chorale	Vanguard VRS 9080
Portrait of a Splendid American	A Documentary Tribute to Dr. Tom Dooley	Columbia ML5709
6 Stories from Faraway Places	Danny Kaye	Golden 62
"A Christmas Carol" Charles Dickens	Sir Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield and cast	Caedmon 1135
"A Christmas Carol" Charles Dickens	Dublin Theatre, featuring Siobhan McKenna and Anew McMaster	Vanguard VRS 9040
Carl Sandburg's Poems for Children	Read by the author	Caedmon TC 1124
"The Clock that Went Backwards;" "Round and Round," etc. Music Masterpieces: Preludes from "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger;" Stravinsky	told by Denise Alexander, David Anderson, David Allen, with Eugene Lowell Chorus	Young People's Records 15009
"Build Me a House," "Silly Will," "The Milk's Journey" —Concert selections from the Great Masters	Sung by Eugene Lowell Singers. Told and sung by Norman Rose, David Pfeffer, Sally and Lee Sweetland	Young People's Records 15008
More Selections from "Alice in Wonderland" — Mock Turtle's Story, Advice from a Caterpillar	Cyril Ritchard with music from Alec Wilder's "Alice in Wonderland" Suite	Wonderland 1422
"Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella"	narrated by Bill Adams	Harmony 9511
Ashanti Folk Tales from Ghana	narrated by Harold Courlander	Folkways FC 7110
A Child's Introduction to the Instruments of the Orchestra: A History of the Piano	Joseph Cooper and the Sinfonia of London	Wonderland 1443
A Child's Introduction to Ballet—"Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty," Tchaikovsky	Moira Shearer with the Sinfonia of London, conducted by John Hollingsworth	Wonderland 1439
Humor in Music—"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"	Leonard Bernstein discusses and conducts New York Philharmonic	Columbia ML5625 MS6225
Invitation to Music (based on the book by the same title)	Prepared and narrated by Elie Siegmeister	Folkways FT 3603
Adventures in Music	National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Mitchell. Guide edited by Gladys and Eleanor Tipton	RCA VICTOR LE 1000 Grade 1
Chantons en Francais	French songs for learning French, sung by Alan Mills and Helene Baillargeon	Folkways V. I FC 77192 V. II FC 77212

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For Younger Children

This Is Rhythm	with Ella Jenkins	Folkways FC 7652
Mother Goose Songs	Composed, adapted and sung by Frank Luther	Decca DL 8357
Circus Time	Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus Band conducted by Merle Evans	Decca DL 8451
"Winnie the Pooh" and "Christopher Robin in the House at Pooh Corner"	narrated by Ian Carmichael and Dick Bentley	Wonderland 1442
Tall Fireman Paul Busy Policeman Joe	written by Ray Abraskin, music by Tom Glazer	RCA Victor LY 102
On the Ranch	Ray Abraskin; music by Tom Glazer	RCA Victor LY 103
From Morning Til Night and A Bag Full of Poems	Words and Music by Doris Schwerin; Poems by Rhoda Bellak	RCA Victor LY 104
Musical Mother Goose	36 all-time favorites	Golden 65
Children's Stories & Songs	Conceived and performed by Ed McCurdy	Folkways FC 7771

Christmas and Festivals

Music Box of Christmas Carols	The Welch Chorale, Music Boxes from Bornand Collection	Vanguard VRS 428
Odetta: Christmas Spirituals	Accompanying herself on the guitar with Bill Lee, string bass	Vanguard VRS 9079
Chansons de Noel—Christmas Carols of Old France	Chorale les Chardonnerets de Nancy, Ensemble Vocal de Beauvais, Martha Schlamme, soprano; Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord; Edward Vito, harp	Vanguard VRS 497
Christmas Songs from Many Lands	Sung in English by Alan Mills	Folkways FC 7750
Czech Christmas Pastorellas	Prague Symphony Orchestra and Vocalists	Artia-Supraphon LPV346
Christmas in Sweden, Mexico, Italy, Spain, Holland, England, France, Germany		Capitol T10079, T10092, T10093, T10094, T10096, T10097, T10108, T10095
Your Seder Services in English with Hebrew Prayers. Also songs of the Seder	American home service for the Passover conducted by Rabbi Robert I. Kahn	El Al Record Co. 60 E. 88 St. N. Y. 28, N. Y. El Al Lp101 $3.50
Christmas Songs	The Obernkirchen Children's Choir	Angel 35914

Folk Music

A Child's Introduction to Folk Music	narrated by Ed McCurdy, featuring Oscar Brand, Jean Ritchie, Bob Gibson	Wonderland 1436
Songs to Grow On	Woody Guthrie, sung by Jack Elliot	Folkways FC 7501
Songs of the Auvergne	Susan Reed	Columbia ML 4368
Songs of the North and South, 1861-5	Mormon Tabernacle Choir	Columbia ML 5659
Sleepytime and Wide Awake Songs	Norman Luboff Choir	Harmony 9530
High and Dry	The Yachtsmen	Buena Vista BV3310
West Indian Folksongs for Children	with Lord Invader with Calypso Orchestra	Folkways FC 7744
Dogwood Soup (Folksongs for Children)	sung by Shep Ginandes	Pathways of Sound 1023
Return of the Wayfaring Stranger	Burl Ives	Columbia CL 1459
Song and Play Time	Pete Seeger	Folkways FC 7526

Jazz

A Child's Introduction to Jazz	narrated by Julian "Cannonball" Adderley	Wonderland 1435
Evolution of the Blues Song	Hannah Dean, "Big Miller," "Pony" Poindexter, Ben Webster, Jimmy Witherspoon, Jon Hendricks and the Ike Isaacs Trio	Columbia CL 1583 CS 8383
The Story of Jazz	narrated by Langston Hughes with Documentary Recordings	Folkways FC 7312
"Checkmate"	Original music by Johnny Williams from CBS TV show	Columbia CL 1591 CS 8391
Time Out	The Dave Brubeck Quartet	Columbia CL 1397
Drum Suite	Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers	Columbia CL 1002
African Suite	Herbie Mann, Johnny Rae's Afro-Jazz Septet	United Artists 4042
Quiet Village	Exotic Sounds of Martin Denny	Liberty LRP 3122
Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn, Vol. II	Guest Artist Sonny Rollins	Atlantic 1299

Barrie or Stevenson. In commendable contrast to such distortions is the Atlas Theatre Company's version of "Cinderella."

For children eight and older, a recommendable dramatization is the Broadway production of "Young Abe Lincoln" (Golden LP 76). The perennial "Christmas Carol" is offered in two recordings, one centering about Sir Ralph Richardson and Paul Scofield, directed by Howard Sackler (Caedmon TC 1135). To answer the question of how Dickens might fare with a touch of brogue, the version of the Dublin Theatre in which Siobhan McKenna and Anew McMaster have the principal parts is illuminating (Vanguard VRS 9040).

FOR those who wish to promote their youngsters' orientation to music, the list of commendable items is long and varied. Wonderland has a series each titled "A Child's Introduction to . . .," of which the "Child's Introduction to the Instruments of the Orchestra" does what it claims to do, and exceedingly well (Wonderland 1443). Unfortunately the pictures of the instruments that appear on the cover have not been drawn to scale (the harp is smaller than the violin). "A Child's Introduction to Ballet" tells two ballet stories ("Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty") effectively, and the musical excerpts from the ballet scores in question are good. But it is hardly an introduction to the ballet, in the general sense suggested by the title (Wonderland 1439). On the other hand, the "Introduction to Folk Music" (Wonderland 1436) offers a pleasing collection of folk music that would appeal to children on its own: much of the talking seems superfluous.

Outstanding among records of the general category called "educational" is Leonard Bernstein's delightful "Humor in Music." This is derived from one of Bernstein's TV broadcasts, and shows the range of interest, information, and audience appeal widely associated with his programs (Columbia ML 5625). One of the advantages of having such a record available is the opportunity it presents for a child to listen repeatedly to the many points that may be overlooked in a single hearing of the work that is performed ("Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"). For children with a special interest in popular music Langston Hughes's "The Story of Jazz" (Folkways FC 7312) and Julian "Cannonball" Adderley's "A Child's Introduction to Jazz" (Wonderland 1435) are both unusual and informative.

—ADELE FRANKLIN, Director,
All-Day Neighborhood Schools,
Board of Education,
City of New York.

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Mongo Santamaria: Afrocubanifornia

By Robert Farris Thompson

"QUE MARAVILLOSO," on Mongo Santamaría's new "Sabroso" LP (Fantasy 3314), opens with a taut arrangement of warm tones on piano; immediately this musical cell implies a transition toward future tension, toward hard-swinging cohesion. Our expectations are not deceived. After an amiable vocal chorus—"How marvelous that you are mine"—under a shower of bright melodic accents on charanga violins, and a particularly pleasant interlude of doodling on piano, the piano repeats the taut opening phrase twice and leads the listener into what seems to me one of the finest mambos recorded in years. Piano and violins tensely merge guajeo patterns (the guajeo is a core element of Afro-Cuban music), and over them a wet, shrill flute sounds a series of ascending, ironic statements. Incredible musical pressure is applied to the ear and an almost excruciating pleasure results.

There is more of the same in "Mambo Cuco." High-pitched singers, clearly aware of the fact that a rise in pitch implies an increase in tension, find themselves in the company of flexible, restless violin patterns that seemingly cut moving spaces out of the air into which dancing bodies may fit. The fusion is superb. It is typical of Mongo Santamaría that while the rest of the latin dance-band world is busy producing pachangas both ersatz and valid, he directs his men toward a reappraisal of the mambo. The reappraisal is built upon the guajeo.

What is the guajeo and how does it work in Afro-Cuban? It is not enough to call them "riffs"; the swing-band riff, for example, was often no more than punctuation, a few notes repeated here and there, most frequently at either end of the "bridge." By contrast, the guajeo is open-ended, repeating itself seemingly endlessly, and sometimes at the same pitch. I have seen the eyes of young Puerto Ricans and Cuban-Americans light up at the sound of one of these miniature melodies; they are prized for the hot melodic cameos that they are, and a taste for them is not unlike a taste for Persian miniatures or early Renaissance medals. By way of contrast (and perhaps very roughly put) the melodic line of jazz improvisation is like a mural, the Western symphony like an art gallery. But Afro-Cuban, jazz, and "classical" (i.e., symphonic) music are not "finer" or "higher" in relation to one another; they are simply different, each with its own aims and intentions, and the production of guajeos of quality under changing trumpet, flute, and saxophone solos in Santamaría's "Guaguanco Mania" is a formal goal just as the building of musical architecture defines symphonic composition. It amuses me to observe some jazzmen bridle at "longhaired" criticism (becoming, however, rarer in this age of Gunther Schuller) about their music and then turn around and disparage Afro-Cuban for its "Killarney harmonies," maligning the idiom for not developing an area of musical expression it never intended to develop (except in the case of mambo and mambo-influenced music).

THE usage of guajeos (and the allied bass figures known as tumbaos) tests the skill and the stamina of the Afro-Cuban. The minor artist limits himself to the repetition of guajeos already given; he closes in upon himself, as it were. A skilled Afro-Cuban, on the other hand, produces guajeos that are not sequentially limited. He invents terse phrases; his fellow musicians dream up parallel phrases; the phrases crowd each other; ultimately a complex and incandescent polyphony of miniature melodies is built. The important thing to note is that the phrases on violin, piano, bass, and flute refer to one another only in their recurrency; this "crossing" of different melodic lines, each as hotly conceived as possible, smacks of West Africa. It takes strength to keep the production of guajeos up, to build the illusion of their endlessness (the necessary abridgements of recording make this sometimes difficult to realize) and this requirement seems in sympathy, too, with West African music. Sweat pours down the neck of the Afro-Cuban pianist as he pounds out an especially dance-rousing guajeo and I have heard one baritone saxophonist, after his first experience with mambo guajeos, only half-humorously complain, "Send up the oxygen tanks!"

What makes guajeos so important? They are important because they serve as multiple foundation lines for what is totally a dance music, a dance music in which a certain crucial amount of the dancing is done *on* as well as before the bandstand. "Each time good guajeos are played they serve as a challenge to improvise," I was told by Antonio Arcaño, whose orchestra virtually single-handedly started the mambo in 1939. In other words, to return to Mongo Santamaría's memorable "Que Maravilloso," the flutist is compelled by the guajeos on violin, piano, and bass to dance melodically on top on their multiple lines.

EVER since Mongo Santamaría left Tito Puente's band in the late Fifties and journeyed west, where he has adorned, until this fall, Afro-Latin jazz in and around San Francisco, the followers of American Cuban music have been regaled with highly palatable experiments. Mongo's experiments – mixing tres guitar and piano, for example, in the same composition, a merger taboo to Cuban traditionalists—are palatable because he clearly realizes that radical departures depend, like fine embroidery, upon an otherwise firm adherence to tradition. Unlike some of his competitors, who are debasing the pachanga and themselves with a rigid mimesis of vogue, Mongo with autonomy chooses when to play traditionally and when to play radically and when to play the two choices off against each other.

His "Bembé" LP, for example (Fantasy 3311), is a clear-cut return to the very roots of Afro-Cuban music. Instrumentation is pared down to a lean and hungry expression of voices over drum choirs and the bass-line rumbas called guaguancó and Columbia are respectfully revived. Of all the rumbas of Cuba none, it seems to me, is more interesting from the standpoint of culture

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contact than the guaguancó. "Agua Limpia" (Clear Water) is an excellent sampling of the form. Here, as is traditional, a soloist (Carlos Embale) opens the song with the peculiar vocal riffing known as the diana, tricked out in parched intonation that clearly smacks of Andalusia. As a matter of fact, the very style of the riffing—*Lalelelololelelolola* is a fair example—is very much in sympathy with the "verses" with which the singers of *décimas* in the south of Spain, but especially in Murcia and Alicante, adorn the beginning of their songs.

After the vocal riffing, Embale, seconded by a singer who calls himself "Finco," launches a rather enigmatic song of allusion: "*You* found out that I was different. Water, water, water washes all. Water also washes the tongue of the people, water also washes the tongue of the people." In other words, treat me wrong and I'll leave you and forget you. The barb to the beauty of guaguancó verses stems from the fact that they are never abstract or disembodied but refer, like the blues, to intimate inconveniences. Two lyric streams feed the guaguancó—West African songs of allusion and Spanish provincial verses of satire and gossip. Their uses as the most naked kind of social pressure, as moral agency, is clear—either you behave or your misdemeanors will be versified. Arsenio Rodríguez, a blind Cuban tres guitar player who lives in Spanish Harlem, told me that in the Twenties a remarkable singer of guaguancó, Sanguilí, once observed a youth shoplift a store and "immediately composed a verse in which the youngster's name, description, and last known address were specified."

"Ochún Mené" is a Columbia, a rumba which unlike the Havana-bred guaguancó is rural in origin. Like the guaguancó, however, it is a vocal form set over a percussion choir of two conga drums, treble and bass, and sticks. "Ochún Mené," which tells of the grandeur of the dancing of the Yoruba deities of thunder and sweet water, is like a page out of Janheinz Jahn's "Muntu." I found the quality of Mercidita Valdés's voice here absolutely celestial; she sounds genuinely excited and the special energies of her chanting illumine the entire composition.

The best thing of all about this LP is the liner notes; in contrast to the normal puffing and cutenesses of "Latin" liner writing, these are entirely responsible and informative. They were written by Professor William Bascom of the University of California at Berkeley, who is an authority both on Afro-Cuban culture and its mother culture of Yorubaland in West Africa.

Bruckner East and West

THE American battle for Bruckner began on December 5, 1885, when Walter Damrosch introduced the Third Symphony to a startled New York audience. A few months thereafter Anton Seidl, who soon was to join forces with Theodore Thomas in promoting the Bruckner cause, informed the composer that he might be able to find an American publisher for the much tampered-with Fourth Symphony. Delighted with this unexpected prospect, Bruckner carefully went over the score once again before sending it off to Seidl, who never returned it, even though nothing came of the contemplated publication. Now in the library of Columbia University, it was apparently unknown to Robert Haas, the editor of the so-called original version. But, convinced that its cuts represented Bruckner's final independent views on the matter, Leopold Nowak made it the cornerstone of his authoritative postwar edition.

This "American version" has now finally been recorded, most fittingly by the same American combination that created such a stir in Bruckner circles with the Ninth of a year ago, Bruno Walter and the Columbia (West Coast) Symphony Orchestra, (Columbia M2L-273, $9.96, M2S-622, $11.98).

Instead of the vague Teutonic mystique that incapacitates so many Wagnerian interpretations, Walter (at eighty-five more fervent than ever) brings to the Fourth a truly commensurate outlook on human existence, an outlook that sees no conflict between Bruckner's gentle faith and his cosmic visions his utter humility and his romantic passion. Moreover, since he views the Austrian composer as part of a solid tradition which linked Mozart and Schubert, as well as Johann Strauss, to Mahler, even Schoenberg and Webern, he uncovers a rhythmic vigor and a sense of structural unity where others plod from chord to chord, seeking refuge in mere expansiveness. Interestingly enough, his tempi are almost identical with van Otterloo's standard rendition of the Haas edition. But where the Dutch conductor is merely serious, Walter is also tender; where the former is but religious, the latter's spirituality transcends the confines of human institutions altogether. Under the spell of Walter's irresistible powers of communication the orchestra exceeds itself. Few of its engrossing qualities have escaped the loving care of Columbia's stereo engineers.

For a decade or so prior to the time when Bruno Walter and George Szell took up permanent residence here, very little Bruckner was played in this country. Meanwhile, in Soviet Russia the more progressive musicians of Leningrad, prodded by the noted critic Sollertinsky, delved into the music of the entire modern Viennese school with singular zeal and determination. Though Moscow's musical bureaucrats tried hard to suppress it, the northern "Mahleria" epidemic made a lasting impression, at least on Eugene Mravinsky and his matchless Leningrad Philharmonic. Their recently released Artia recording of the Bruckner Eighth (MK 210B, $11.98) eschews the Wagnerian conception no less than Walter's Fourth. In order to give the far-flung melodic lines of this monumental work purpose and direction, Mravinsky presses forward in constant animated motion. Indeed, the beautifully played Adagio takes some eight minutes less than in Eugen Jochum's static rendition, for, like the late van Beinum, the Russian conductor understands the term *adagio* generically rather than as a more or less precise tempo indication. The incredible Leningraders use four sides (to van Beinum's three and Jochum's five) for a veritable feast of shining sonorities, only slightly impeded by the somewhat artificial liveness of the monaural recording.

ALWAYS self-effacing, Bruckner used to credit his first hearing of "Tannhäuser" with the awakening of what he considered to be his own modest talent as a composer. The "Tannhäuser" Overture and Bacchanale, stunningly performed and recorded, occupies the fourth side of the Walter set. In juxtaposition with Bruckner's universal message, Wagner's brazen glitter and unabashed sensuality is beginning to sound curiously dated. Yet, it was Bruckner whom Brahms called "a fraud who will be dead and forgotten in one or two years." Clearly today, several wars and revolutions later, both East and West, however divided they may find themselves otherwise, seem agreed that he is very much alive. But such are the vicissitudes of history.

—ALEXANDER RINGER.

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Bream and Sciutti

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Grove's Dictionary is better known as a standard reference tool than as a musical oracle. The most recent edition (1954), however, included some remarkably prophetic, if cautious, comments by Michael W. Prynne in his new article on the lute:

> The charm of the instrument, the mass of unexplored music for it, combined with the present increasing interest in the older music and growing favor of the less powerful instruments . . . makes it not improbable that the near future may see a revival of the lute.

The author even clarified that "near future." It depended, he claimed, "upon a growing body of lutenists able to do as much for its technique and repertory as Segovia and a few others have done for the guitar."

There can be little doubt that Julian Bream (like Grove's a British product and, appropriately enough, a Segovia pupil) is the man to supply that "growing body" with a head. This record dispels most of the doubts concerning the lute as a medium for present-day musical expression; it confirms without any question Bream's mastery of the instrument.

The instrument's uncommon ability to project linear clarity is a pleasure in itself, doubly so when exploited by fingers as sensitive as those of Bream. He proves himself a scholar, too, for his use of ornamentation reflects real discernment. True to the performance practice of the time, Bream provides embellishment variations whenever sections are repeated. Best of all, he strives for authenticity without permitting a museum atmosphere to devitalize his efforts.

Of the sixteen sixteenth- and seventeenth-century pieces recorded, only "Greensleeves" is generally familiar. But the harmonic and melodic peculiarities of the Cutting version, both interesting and agreeably subtle, will come as a shock to those accustomed to its more popular and more mawkish incarnation.

The Soria Series package, as handsome as it is helpful, includes Skira reproductions, tablature facsimiles, and an authoritative essay by Thurston Dart. The stereo sound is spacious yet free from distortion and mannerisms.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

ROSSINI: *"Una voce poco fa" ("Il Barbiere di Siviglia");* DONIZETTI: *"Convien partir" ("La Fille du Régiment"), "Quel guardo . . . So anch'io la virtù magica" ("Don Pasquale");* BELLINI: *"Eccomi in lieta vesta . . . Oh! quante volte" ("I Capuleti e i Montecchi");* MOZART: *"In uomini, in soldati," "Una donna a quindici anni" ("Cosi fan tutte"), "Giunse alfin il momento: Deh vieni, non tardar" ("Le Nozze di Figaro"), "Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia"* (K. 582), *"Nehmt meinen Dank"* (K. 383). *Graziella Sciutti with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Argeo Quadri.* London OS 25244, $5.98.

Graziella Sciutti's singing is that of a strong musical personality. She has a lyric soprano of engaging quality whose extensive range is never forcibly widened by the appropriation of cadenzas that are the exclusive property of the true coloratura. Her voice lies easily on the breath; it is agile in scale passages and only occasionally fails to articulate ornaments or to give full value to the notes that lie between two points of emphasis. This technical competence is used to serve the needs of operatic characterization. A charming Despina, for example, chatters with authority on the eternal war between men and women, but her precocious wisdom is always voiced in terms of musical line. Susanna, too, is warm and alive, but her bare, unornamented recitative and the rather brisk tempo of her aria lack ever so slightly the enchantment that this expression of a love on the threshold of fulfillment can have.

Disappointing, too, is this Rosina, whose aria, charmingly conceived, is burdened with extra notes and mutilated by a long interior cadenza. Much more convincing are the cavatinas of Bellini and Donizetti, in whose limpid slow passages Miss Sciutti is free to play with a phrase until every drop of its musical potential is distilled. She does just that in Bellini's "Oh! quante volte," whose gossamer phrases she weaves so winningly. It is hard to believe that Bellini, in his haste to complete the opera, borrowed the scene whole from an earlier work. He made no mistake in doing so, however, for as it is heard here, this music is a remarkable reminder of his much-underestimated genius and a satisfying close to a sensitive operatic recital.

—JEAN BOWEN.

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These are not translations, mind you. They are new texts, somewhat related to the spirit of the titles, but with nuances, twists, and innovations that give new zest to the sounds we all know so well. In the case of the first two noted above (which come out as "Pour se connaître" and "J'aurais voulu danser"), there may be some question that they have improved on Oscar Hammerstein or Alan Jay Lerner. That, after all, would be difficult, even for the French; but their texts suit the spirit of the way they sing decidedly well.

In the case of "Sidewalks of New York," the improvements involve transatlantic imagery. It comes out "Right bank, left bank, New York, and Paris. Two cities are queens . . . without throne or a crown." On the other hand, "Nous serons cent" ("Saints") is no longer a jubilant foretaste of celestial things to come. It is, rather, a promise of an earthly paradise beginning with "City Hall, where all romances are consummated."

Included, also, are "Ah! quel soleil magnifique," "L'arc en ciel," "Je chante sous la pluie," "L'amour est dans ta rue" (which is sufficiently far from the original to merit identification as a Gallicized "On the Street Where You Live"). Nor are Varel and Bailly restricted to the immediately popular. "Notre maison bleue" has the tune, but not much more of "Home on the Range," "Que fais-tu là?" is an Industrial Age version of "Erie Canal," and "Viens t'en, la fille" is clearly descended from "Beautiful Dreamer," though Stephen Foster might think otherwise. In all instances, what prevails is the good nature and affection of the singers for what they are singing. The tongue may, occasionally, be in cheek, but the heart is always in the right place. —I.K.

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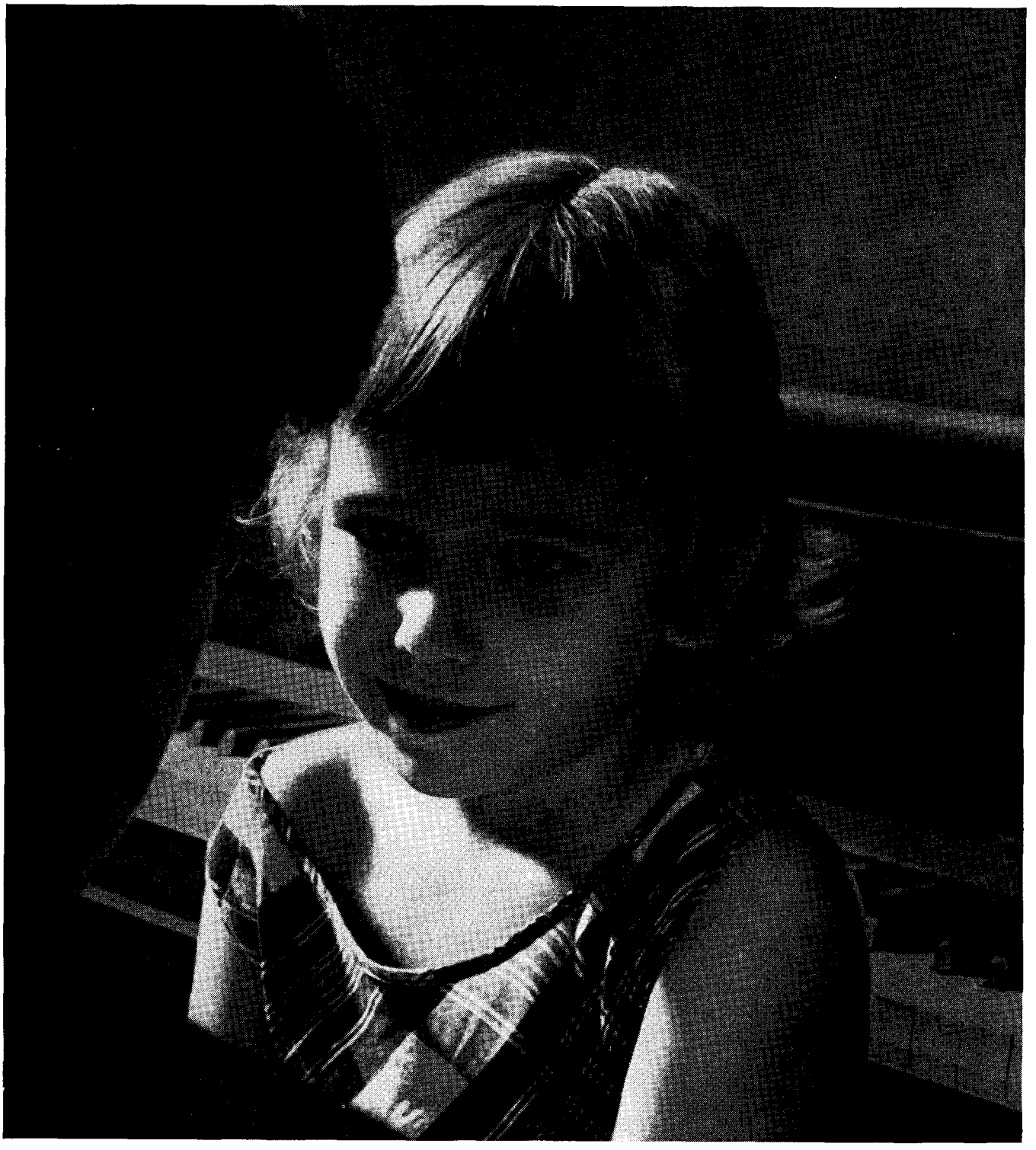

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION
DECEMBER 16, 1961

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Prestige Colleges

"PRESTIGE" is a noun, defined by Webster as "power to charm, dazzle, or command attention." It comes from the Latin "*praestigium*," meaning illusion or delusion.

When the dictionary again is revised it may be necessary to list prestige as an adjective for that is the way many writers now use it when describing their favorite colleges. A "prestige" college is one that has éclat—one that parents are dazzled by, and students are eager to attend.

In a nation of status seekers it is perhaps inevitable that adolescents will select colleges on the basis of prestige but they ought to be warned that those who do so risk disappointment. For many a student, the college most admired by his high school classmates or his parents is not the one most appropriate to his talents and interests or to his father's pocketbook.

Prestige is an elusive quality and it is not easy to discover why one college gains it while another does not. Publicity helps, but the institutions with the most active public relations staffs are not the ones with the most prestige. Some kinds of publicity may be a handicap—a big-time football team is more characteristic of an eager young university on the way up than of one that has arrived (some of the more prestigious small colleges prefer soccer).

In some cases prestige appears to reflect the achievements of faculty and alumni, but it is less clear whether it is closely related to excellence of undergraduate instruction. Antiquity helps but not all old schools are prestigious and some of the newer ones (Sarah Lawrence for example) have achieved prestige within a generation. Size is not important—some very small colleges stand higher on the totem pole than the largest universities. But nearly all colleges of high prestige have two things in common —they are expensive and they are hard to get into.

Because getting in is so difficult the student who is admitted is likely to think he has it made and may relax too soon. Dropout rates are high and the student who gets his degree may discover that the prestige of a college does not always rub off on its alumni. If he graduates from Harvard and then becomes a crook, a Bowery bum, or a nonentity, he will find that his diploma does little to enhance his social status. The statistics on the achievements of the graduates of prestigious colleges are impressive, but no one is entirely sure whether this reflects superior education or merely proves that a college which admits only very bright freshmen will graduate only bright seniors who are likely to make their mark.

Students who attend the more obscure colleges and universities can gain some encouragement from the fact that many Americans have achieved great personal distinction without relying on their colleges for prestige. Several of our Presidents have been Ivy League graduates but others came from lesser institutions and some of the greatest, including Washington and Lincoln, found their way to the White House without a college education. As recently as 1948 Harry Truman demonstrated that a

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candidate without a college degree can still defeat a graduate of Michigan and Columbia at the polls.

Among recent recipients of the Nobel Prize, Hemingway had only a high school education and Faulkner attended the University of Mississippi briefly but took no degree. The Vice President of the United States is a graduate of Southwest Texas State Teachers College. Bernard Baruch got his degree from CCNY. Herbert Hoover went to Stanford *before* that university was famous—the fact that he was an early graduate helped to give Stanford the status it holds today.

The differences among colleges are real enough and are important. Some are better than others, but the differences among students within a college are greater and more important than the differences among colleges. Educational quality is not identical with prestige and it seems unfortunate that students and parents are prone to select colleges, as David Reisman recently put it, "on a brand name basis without reference to the specific qualities of the person and the college." It is not likely that the time will ever come when all our leaders are produced by one small group of colleges or when all that is good in higher education will be found only within this group. —P.W.

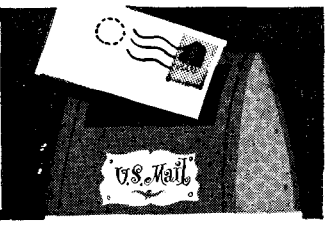
[The box on the opposite page illustrates the range of colleges from which twenty contemporary leaders of American life received their education—and challenges the reader to match schools and personalities.]

On Using Good English

"I shall not go into the many obvious and non-scholastic reasons for common illiteracy, but I will mention one. Many school teachers seem to have been nourished on the doctrine that good English is an artificial tyranny imposed by old-fashioned pedants; there is no such thing as a standard of correctness because whatever is used is right. Thus, if two truck drivers collide, the ensuing verbal exchanges are good English because they are appropriate to the social situation."

—Douglas Bush in *Liberal Education*, May, 1961, quoted from *CBE Bulletin*, November, 1961.

Letters to the Editor



TEACHING MACHINES

The Education Supplement has published several brief items and a major article on teaching machines, the use of which is being urged by some psychologists and educators. It is not my purpose to evaluate these devices. I merely want to point out that these psychologists have failed to make use of one of their important principles of learning; namely "reinforcement." This principle, if employed in conjunction with the machine, can be built right in, thus greatly increasing its effectiveness as a teaching device, not to speak of the jump in sales that would follow.

Here is how "reinforcement" would work. Every time the pupil presses the lever of an incorrect answer, he will receive a mild electric shock. This can be arranged through a specially designed handle which he holds while taking the examination; or better still, by placing a metal grill on the seat of the chair, through which an electric current will be sent. The shock should not be so strong as to make the pupil jump; it should only startle him. This would be "negative reinforcement." Now, when the pupil selects the correct answer, by any one of the possible mechanisms, the machine should eject a candy bar, or a piece of chocolate, or some other choice bit. This would be "positive reinforcement."

I am really surprised that this principle has not been incorporated; but I am sure that with our "know-how," our genius for mass production, with our insights into human motivation, we shall not have long to wait.

Frank S. Freeman,
Department of Psychology,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

Apropos of the teaching machine poem on page 66 of your November 18 issue, I'd like to refer you to one we used on the inside cover of our October issue:

The word has come down from the Dean
That with the aid of the teaching machine,
King Oedipus Rex
Could have learned about sex
Without ever bothering the Queen.

Robert H. Hevenor, Editor,
Hamilton College
Alumni Bulletin.

Clinton, N.Y.

MEN OF PRINCIPLE

"Men of Principle," by Louis William Norris [*SR*, Nov. 18] is one of the most stimulating pieces (not "fragments") of writing I have ever read. The writer is philosophical without being dryasdust, he is erudite without being obscure. What splendid grist for the intellectual mill! And his epigrammatic style is never contrived—it is brilliant without being showy.

"Men of Principle" is the kind of article that makes me keep all my copies of *SR* on file. Keep 'em coming!

Edward Tomasian.

Capistrano Beach, Calif.

DR. ARDEN'S TEST

I have an A.B. degree (1938) from the University of Michigan's College of Literature, Science, and the Arts. On Dr. Arden's test [*SR*, Nov. 18] I scored fourteen right, three wrong although I had read only two of the books. True, I have had many years since college in which to acquire the knowledge which enabled me to score high. But obviously I didn't acquire it from reading the books. Osmosis, maybe?

Mrs. Tom Downs.

Detroit, Mich.

Those sample questions from Dr. Arden's test just go to show, I think, how poor this multiple choice type of examination is. I was practically sure of only five out of the seventeen questions. However, I got twelve out of the seventeen right, a score of 70 per cent, purely by more or less intelligent guesswork on the rest. Of the seven correct guesses, I had read none of the books or poetry involved.

Robert S. Cox.

Dubois, Wyo.

As I happen to be the "naive, visiting Dutch student" whose survey of student acquaintance with certain "classics" Mr. Eugene Arden has attacked with such marvelously poor logic in the November 18 issue of *SR*, I would like to point out a few of the more serious disorders in Mr. Arden's attempts at criticism.

One would expect that Mr. Arden would wish to become acquainted with the entire contents of an article he deems it necessary to attack. Instead he has obviously found it convenient for his purpose to base his attack on a fragmentary discussion of the article in question in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Had Mr. Arden obtained a copy of the original article, his "hard second look at the proceedings" might have saved him several paragraphs of silly quibbling, for then he would have noticed that I do not consider the works of Kant, Boethius or Darwin to be *literary* classics, but that my only criterion for including these, and certain other authors, was that their work ought to be "of major interest to every well-educated person."

Similarly Mr. Arden would have discovered that in making the survey it was not my aim to reach any sweeping generalizations about the reading habits of students at Ohio State University, but rather,

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to find out to what extent these students were familiar with the fifty authors included in the survey, and to see if they had heard of these authors and their work.

BRAM DIJKSTRA,
Graduate Assistant, English Department,
Ohio State University.
Columbus, O.

THE FUTURE OF NEGRO COLLEGES

I FOUND Dr. Mays's article on "The Future of Negro Colleges" [*SR*, Nov. 18] rather interesting. However, it was an oversimplification of a complex problem. He obviously does not comprehend the magnitude of the whole problem of desegregation and the inferior education the Negro has been receiving from the all-Negro colleges.

When he stated that the Negro colleges can adapt themselves to integration more easily than the white colleges because they have no prejudices to overcome and fears to subdue, and that the Negro is not bound by the customs and traditions of yesteryear, nothing could be more erroneous. The Negro has as many prejudices to overcome as anyone else.

One of the main reasons that the Negro has not attended the desegregated colleges is that—as all Southern Negroes know—he is apprehensive about attending schools with white students.

If the Negroes and whites are to dispel their many stereotypes of each other, the Negro should be encouraged to attend the desegregated colleges.

It will not, as Dr. Mays asserted, take Negro professors to motivate and inspire the Negro student to great achievements. But, rather, it will take a professor who has experienced what it means to be a real human being.

Finally, the only way to begin to solve the segregation problem is for the whites and Negroes to get to know one another. Where else but in our colleges can the rich and poor, the black and white sit together with all things common—the pursuit of knowledge—and thus discover the common bonds of humanity?

MELVIN HODGES,
Los Angeles State College.
Los Angeles, Calif.

McGUFFEY'S READERS

I REALIZE that the REPORT CARD section of *SR* deals with the laughable in education (and no one will deny any shortage of copy here), but the McGuffey-Wisconsin case [*SR*, Nov. 18] has been so widely publicized and deals with such serious issues that I suggest Mr. Scanlon is either enormously insouciant or hell-bent for cuteness at any price. Regardless of the position one takes on the incident, I fail to see how the Associate Education Editor of *SR* can treat flippantly a case in which a school board has: 1) ignored all professional advice as to educational materials, 2) fired a school principal in mid-year because of "incompatibility," 3) attempted to place a set of readers in the school that are outdated, ungrammatical, in places untrue, and strongly sectarian, and 4) justified their selection by circulating copies of the Dan Smoot Report (the author being an alleged right-wing John Bircher—see the New York *Times*, October 29 and November 5). Equally humorless to me are the board's new "Americanism" program for the school and the deep schisms (too numerous to mention here) created in the little town of Twin Lakes as a result of the incident.

WILLIAM G. KORNEGAY,
Assistant Professor of Education,
University of Massachusetts.
Amherst, Mass.

IVAN AND JOHNNY

THE VARIOUS books and articles written on the Russian educational system miss the most important point.

The Russian setup is similar to the German and Swiss, with which I am familiar, having attended school in both Switzerland and Germany.

I'd like to point out that in comparing U.S. and Russian education, one has to consider the fact that in the U.S. practically every child can attend high school *and* graduate. In Russia, there is a very severe weeding-out process and the children attending high school are already a very select group. This weeding-out process goes on through the universities and graduate schools.

In order to get a clear picture of Russian education it is necessary to know a) *who* goes to high school and universities and b) how many candidates graduate.

It would be well if in our schools we started weeding out in order to find the children who can attend high school and college, with some hope of gaining a good knowledge. In my opinion too many people attend college and even graduate, because after talking with some of them I am amazed at their lack of general knowledge, which is the mark of an educated man.

PAUL E. GROOP.*
Washington, D.C.

*Retired chairman of the Department of German, Phillips Exeter Academy.

MILITARY SCHOOLS

I HAVE READ with singular interest and surprise the sensational diatribe by Ralph Lee Smith entitled "Military Schools—Do They Educate?" in the October 21 issue of *SR*. I consider the article to be reckless, superficial, and poorly researched, and as Superintendent of Peekskill Military Academy, I challenge its grossly intended implications.

It is difficult to determine if Mr. Smith intends his discussion to be an endorsement or an indictment of military schools. The latter appears to be the case. Since this is so, the article renders itself indefensible in two discernible areas: 1) lack of depth, and 2) lack of educational understanding. Mr. Smith unabashedly speaks of "universally acknowledged leaders" and "educators in general" and "an obvious national demand," but in attempting to develop a specific, logical premise—proposed in his title—he omits specific reasoning. The author's further failure to understand a fundamental concept of secondary school guidance, which states that discipline is not to be a function of the Department of Guidance—one precludes the other—militates against acceptance of his final proposal.

I am responsible for the mental, emotional, and physical growth of 313 secondary school students. They are fine young men. They are highly screened, scholastically motivated, all college-bound, and required to devote Saturday mornings to a period of military drill. They study under and live with a professional faculty of thirty-seven masters, who do not even wear uniforms, in a college preparatory school founded 129 years ago. Senselessly and arbitrarily to relegate these students to the "backwaters of education" is, to me, shallow, uncalled for, and repugnant to right reason.

In my opinion, there is no place for

(*Continued on page* 56)

Where Did They Go To College?

Indicate the college from which each received the bachelor's degree.

(Answers on Page 63)

1. Bernard Baruch
2. Sarah Gibson Blanding
3. Ralph Bunche
4. Ernest Hemingway
5. Herbert Hoover
6. Hubert Humphrey
7. Lyndon Johnson
8. John Kennedy
9. Millicent McIntosh
10. James Michener
11. Edward R. Murrow
12. Richard Nixon
13. Nelson Rockefeller
14. Eleanor Roosevelt
15. Dean Rusk
16. William Shirer
17. Adlai Stevenson
18. Harold Taylor
19. Harry Truman
20. Earl Warren

A. Bryn Mawr College
B. University of California
C. UCLA
D. City College of New York
E. Coe College
F. Dartmouth College
G. Davidson College
H. Harvard University
I. University of Kentucky
J. University of Minnesota
K. Princeton University
L. Southwest Texas State Teachers College
M. Stanford University
N. Swarthmore College
O. University of Toronto
P. Washington State College
Q. Whittier College
R. No Bachelor's Degree

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—H. Armstrong Roberts.

"The educator must have an image of the child in the reality of his school and his society."

THE WHOLE CHILD:

A Fresh Look

The view that the schools must give attention to "the whole child" was a dominant theme of the Progressive Education movement—one that has come under sharp attack in recent years. Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, who describes himself as an "unreconstructed progressive," believes that the concept was sound but that it has become corrupted into something no longer recognizable, and that a fresh look is needed.

By HAROLD TAYLOR

THE REAL quarrel between the conservatives and the liberals in education is about the kind of society they wish to live in. The conservatives want more control over children and more stability in the society; the liberals want more freedom and more change.

But the issue between them is seldom put in these terms. Instead, each is inclined to attack and defend abstractions. Attacks are made on "progressive education" and the "philosophy of John Dewey," which is equated with "life adjustment," "doorbell ringing," "play projects," "citizenship courses," and the "child-centered school" where it is said precious time is wasted on the child's psyche while he gropes for his own conclusions and his own identity. He should be taught the hard subjects under strong discipline.

On the other hand, progressive ideas and programs are too often defended by their proponents as if critics had no right to raise questions, as if the ideas and practices on which their theories rest were valid for all time. The progressives must again become progressive.

For example, there is merit in the criticism of the kind of false liberalism that tries to overcome intellectual and social inequality by smothering it in sentiment. There are differences in the capacities of children and there are differences in their social status. They know it, their parents know it, their teachers know it. The task of the educator, liberal or otherwise, is to deal directly with these differences and to take the children where they are. If children are slow learners, it is no kindness to them to act as if they weren't. Nor does it help them to hold the others back in order not to damage the confidence of the slow. This may have the opposite effect if what they really need is to learn how to learn. If children are culturally undernourished, have little vocabulary, come from poor and broken homes, what they need is not merely liberal sentiment but direct action by teachers who understand how to deal with their deficiencies.

The conservative's program of higher academic standards and more subject matter misses the entire point; the problem of the slum child is a total problem. If the slum child is also a Negro, Puerto Rican, a Mexican, in America he is segregated socially, economically, physically and mentally all at once. The problem is poverty, poverty of every kind—cultural, intellectual, economic, and emotional.

The educator must go to the root of the matter, and he must deal with the whole child. The root is in the social and economic conditions in which the child exists. The educator must deal bluntly with those who support the residential segregation of the colored people and the poor. He must fight those who wish to profit in real estate at the expense of the children. He must think of education as a total

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process, in which the conditions of society deeply affect the child's mind, the level of his achievement, and the range of his possibilities. The curriculum, the classroom, the guidance office are instruments for dealing with one part of the child's life. But they do not and cannot function in a social vacuum.

Nor is it permissible any longer to say that the social environment of the child is not the problem of the educator, that it belongs to city planners, social workers, economists, housing experts, or society. It belongs to everyone, but most of all to the educator. The educator is not a personnel manager, an administrator, an organization man, although his work involves organizing, managing, and administering. He is a social and intellectual leader, and he begins to exercise his leadership when he recognizes the conditions of his society and brings to bear upon them the force of a humanitarian philosophy.

IT IS in exactly this matter that the conservatives and the liberals alike have failed; the conservatives by turning their backs on it and concerning themselves with the "gifted," the intellectually well-to-do, and cultivation of an elite; the liberals by failing to extend into practice the implications of their own philosophy. The conservatives have been quite clear in their view that education is a stabilizing force, concerned with the transmission of the culture from generation to generation, and acting as a sorting device for the social classes. The liberals have been equally clear that education is an instrument of social change, through which a society may reform itself upon the initiative of its citizens.

But in practice, the liberals and the progressives have addressed themselves of late, not to the deeper questions of social and cultural change, but to a fairly narrow range of emotional problems to be found in the young, and to the development of new techniques for learning. They have tended to equate democracy with tolerance and good feeling, while the real questions have to do with the radical extension of democracy itself. The work of the progressives has for the most part been carried out in the suburbs where they have been content to accept the *status quo* of a segregated, white, and affluent society while they adapt their methods and ideas to the needs of a suburban clientele.

These community needs have become more and more directed to the improvement of status and are expressed in the desire, sometimes mounting to compulsion, to have children attend schools, colleges, and universities that confer that status. The tendency of the progressives has been to accept without a struggle the legitimacy of all such values, provided they are held by a suitable number of people of respectable means and appropriate social position. The educators have joined the establishment.

At a time when conservatives are becoming more conservative, and often turning into radical reactionaries, the liberals have thus lost their initiative and have been drawn along in the wake of their adversaries. The progressives, that educational wing of the liberal movement, have stayed behind the line of battle.

THERE are many reasons for this, among them a national confusion about where the line of battle really is. It is too often put at that point where the antagonisms between the United States and the Soviet Union intersect, and educators have been pressed into the role of civilian-soldiers on our side of the line. We are at present so absorbed in competition with the Russians that Americans are now using the Russian arguments for a controlled educational system, including the argument that more scientific and technical subject matter applied more stringently to all will produce high school and college graduates who will strengthen the national security.

At a time when education is publicly regarded as an instrument of national policy (in itself a dangerous and misleading assumption), it follows that we place our main emphasis on classifying and selecting for special treatment those students who are already scholastically able, rather than tackling the bigger question of how to correct the social and economic conditions that stunt children's intellectual growth in the first place. There is no more dramatic instance of this neglect of the main issue than in our failure to provide even a minimal basis for financing the American educational system through federal aid. We have put the money into a $50 billion military budget, because that is where we think the national interest lies.

—*Clyde Hare*

"The educator must deal with the whole child."

In fact, our national interest lies in the construction of a strong and vigorous educational system, reaching into the entire range of the country's population for the discovery and encouragement of every kind of talent that exists there. Some of the most promising of the young are to be found in the city slums, in the Negro ghettos of the Southern states, in the industrial areas of the north where only half the children finish high school. Some of the most talented are not in school at all. We have the money and we must spend it in massive amounts to clear out the educational slums, to take the action that will give us schools and communities across the country which are truly integrated in a racial, economic, and social democracy. Once we tackle the educational question head-on we are on the way to solving the social problem.

AT the present time our policies are constructing a class system, not a democracy. We lack a social dimension in our educational planning, and we work almost exclusively in terms of the academic curriculum, the measurement of I.Q., the pressure for academic achievement. An education has come to be considered as a way of moving into a higher social class than the one into which a person is born; it is a means of increasing personal income.

The time has come for a new progressive movement that can push once more to the front edge of educational and social change. There are some who are already there, educators like those who began their pioneer work at the George Washington High School in New York, where the education of the child in a depressed area was considered a total problem, not merely a lack of high I.Q. levels in the student body.

The main effort was to enrich the child's total experience by using the whole of New York City and its arts and culture as the educational environment, by extending the range of possibility for all the children beyond the limits of their local streets, by reaching out to the children and their parents with sympathetic guidance and improved instruction in every segment of

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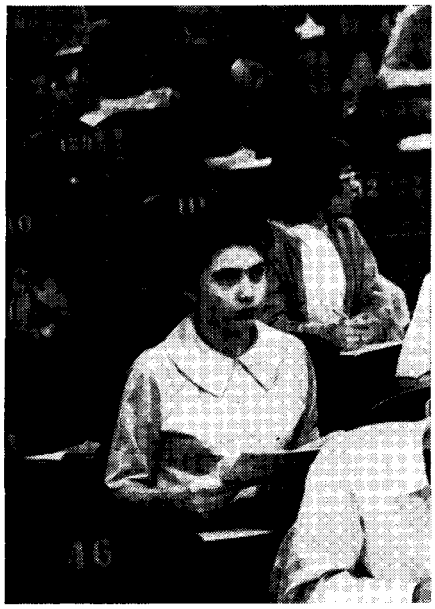

—*Ted Bronstein.*

The Nation's Greatest Talent Hunt

Merit Scholar Marcy de Cou: the rigors of testing . . . the joy of success.

By JOHN M. STALNAKER, *President of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, a nonprofit organization supported by some of the nation's leading philanthropies and industrial firms which each year seeks out high school students of exceptional ability and awards to about 1,000 of them four-year scholarships in the colleges of their choice.*

This article was adapted from the August, 1961, issue of American Psychologist.

FOR MANY years American educators have had the uncomfortable feeling that they were missing an important bet—the wealth of untapped intellectual talent that, like hidden oil reserves, has not yet been brought to the surface. The National Merit Scholarship Program was created in 1955 to encourage the development of this talent, and to arouse public interest in and respect for it.

At that time—two years before Sputnik—the prevailing atmosphere in the schools was one of peaceful calm. Adjustment and contentment were the goals. Schools were permissive, relatively noncompetitive, and paid little attention to standards of performance. There were no priorities in subject matter and competition was de-emphasized in order that each child might enjoy success. Complaints that many high school graduates were unable to read and write at the level required for college work were ignored or waved aside.

While there was much talk about talent, the temper of the people encouraged competition in sports rather than the academic arena. Little League ball clubs could count on parental interest, financing, and guidance. But, as Elmo Roper observed: "We have no folk tradition that . . . takes pride in exceptional intellectual talent. There are no little leagues of the mind."

What a nation respects and honors tends to prosper and grow. The star player on the winning basketball team can be assured of great public recognition and acclaim. The entire town will turn out to honor him. Newspapers will devote space to his amazing performance. The school itself may dismiss classes to celebrate the great victory. College scouts and "admission counselors" will visit him. Children notice what is honored by adults, what adults judge to be important.

The serious, able youngster who devoted himself to scholarly work received no such public acclaim back in the days before 1955. His classmates regarded him as a "brain"—a term of opprobrium at that time—and ignored him. No public recognition stimulated him to greater effort. His juniors did not look up to him with envy in their hearts and a determination to follow in his footsteps.

It was one of the aims of the National Merit Scholarship Program to help change this picture. Could some of the elements of the contest be brought into the intellectual field as a healthy motivating force? "Local enthusiasm," James B. Conant has said, "needs to be aroused for discovering and adequately educating those who are intellectually gifted."

The problem was to design a contest in the intellectual field suitable for students in the upper years of high school. Scholarships would be the incentive—the motive power—and the program would have several important objectives.

First of all, the Merit Program would be a champion of able and talented youth. Most scholarship money is controlled by a relatively small number of colleges. Most of that money is spent attracting the talented student from one college to another. The Merit Program, on the other hand, would find able students, wherever they might be, and help them attend any college and study any curriculum of interest to them.

Another objective of the Merit Pro-

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gram would be to arouse public interest in intellectual talent. With the help of the secondary schools of the nation, the Merit Program would launch a dramatic campaign to find and publicize exceptionally able students. The top performers in such a national contest would receive notice in the local press, and thus the townspeople would become aware of that most precious of all their resources, talented local youngsters.

It was hoped that the Merit Program would also be a mechanism to assure—to the extent of its resources—that no unusually talented student would be denied a college education because of the economic status of his family.

Perhaps most important of all, the Merit Program, by gathering data on able students throughout the land, would contribute to knowledge about the location, background, and development of unusual intellectual talent. Research activities were to constitute an integral and basic part of the Merit Program operation.

Legally, the National Merit Scholarship Corporation is a nonprofit corporation in the State of Illinois. It restricts its activities to scholarship matters but within that field it handles all phases.

Conducting a national talent search, informing business organizations and others about how they can help to advance the program (i.e., raising money), selecting able students, aiding them to finance their education, and following them through their college career require a well-trained staff and substantial financing.

When the National Merit Scholarship Corporation was established, the administrative costs of the program were underwritten for fifteen years, and at least $1,000,000 was made available for scholarships each year for ten years. In the first six programs, the amount from this fund used for Merit Scholars annually has ranged from $1.5 to $2.9 million. The total to date has been $11.9 million. The total amount of money pledged by the Ford Foundation was $20 million. The Carnegie Corporation of New York gave $500,000 for administering the program during its first five years of operation. It has given an additional $250,000 to finance research during the second five years.

Business organizations were immediately invited to finance additional scholarships. The number of sponsors increased year by year so that by 1961 some 135 sponsors were offering a total of more than 525 sponsored Merit Scholarships at an estimated cost of $2,500,000. These scholarships are in addition to those awarded by NMSC out of its resources provided through the founding grants. The list of sponsors includes such well-known organizations as Sears, IBM, Shell, National Distillers and Chemical, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, *Reader's Digest*, Upjohn, Goodrich, *Time*, Meredith, etc. To date sponsors have paid or pledged a total of $10.8 million to support sponsored Merit Scholarships.

The scholarship competition is conducted in this way: At the beginning of the school year all secondary schools are invited to participate in the National Merit Scholarship Program. Participation is by school, not by individual student.

In 1961 nearly 15,500 schools took part in the Merit Program. It is estimated that these schools enroll 85 per cent or more of all of the secondary school students in the country.

The school itself selects those of its students who will participate in the first stage of the program, a preliminary selecting test. In some schools a small number are invited to participate; in others the preliminary test is given to the entire class of third-year students. Nearly 600,000 students, or about one-third of all the third-year students in high school, took part in the program this year.

The selecting test measures both aptitude and the attainment of the stu-

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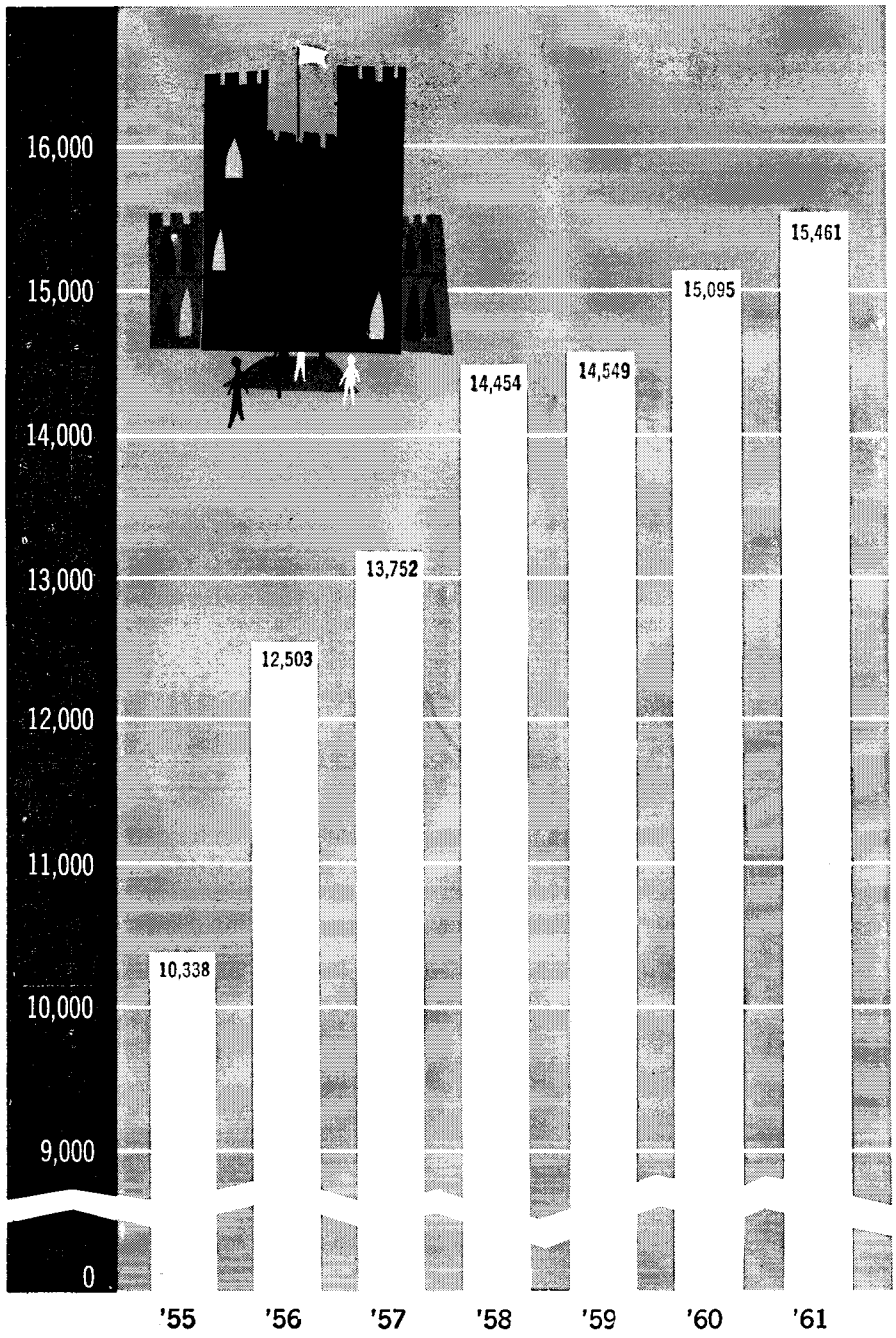
Number of Schools in the Merit Scholarship Program



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MERIT PAY FOR TEACHERS

One of the most explosive issues in American education today is whether teachers in our public schools should be paid on the basis of demonstrated competence or on the basis of accumulated degrees and years of experience, which is the current practice in most U.S. school districts. The editors of the SR Education Supplement present herewith two articles on this controversial subject—one by Blaine Cooke, a member of the Park Forest, Illinois, school board, on what the shooting is all about, and the second by Arthur Myers, education writer for the Berkshire Eagle, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on how the merit pay system has worked in four communities he has studied.

1. Merit or Mediocrity?

By BLAINE COOKE

ONE OF the incidental advantages of membership on a school board—at least in my community—is the power of the position to induce a proper sense of humility in its incumbent. By way of example, I give you the recent travail of the Board of Education of School District 163, a situation, surely, which called for the comment that never in the area of human discussion have so few heard so much from so many.

Some inflexible rule of nature seems to govern these matters so that each year as the first robin appears on the lawn and the first election notice appears in the newspaper there arises from the fields of Park Forest such a sound and fury as must affront the very heavens. Last year these same heavens reverberated with the clamor of debate on a truly apocalyptic question—to wit, can civilization survive the elimination of basketball in the seventh grade? This year we were, happily, spared the trivia; we were concerned with a matter of real and present significance—merit pay for teachers.

In any discussion of this thorny issue, it seems wise to specify with some precision just what the issue really is. And perhaps the best way to begin is with a process of elimination—an attempt to discover what the issue is not.

How we pay teachers is important only if we agree that education is important. It is idle, or worse, to debate the issue of merit compensation by suggesting that the forces marshalled in the ranks opposing merit are "pro-education," while those adhering to another point of view are enemies of education itself. Let us agree that we are all concerned for the future of education.

This granted, it becomes important to point out that the subject of our discussion is not education, but teaching, a process intimately associated with education but in no sense identical with it. The astute and perceptive Jacques Barzun states the essential distinction in "The Teacher in America":

> The business of the parent and the teacher is not education, but Teaching. Teaching is something that can be provided for, changed, or stopped. It is good or bad, brilliant or stupid, plentiful or scarce. . . . Education is obviously something else, something intangible, unpredictable. Education comes from within; it is a man's own doing, or rather it happens to him—sometimes because of the teaching he has had, sometimes in spite of it.

Teaching, in other words, is a mechanism that society has found to be efficient in expediting certain vital elements of the educational process. It is a device that men have invented; hence we are justified in considering how best to adapt this invention to social needs. Our focus, then, is on teaching and the compensation of teachers.

Here, as so often in this logical labyrinth, what seems to be a sensible question turns out on examination to be meaningless, since its terms are undefined. What do we mean by "best," or, more specifically, what are the criteria of adequacy by which we may judge a system—any system—of teacher compensation?

Clearly there is no unidimensional scale of value by which the adequacy of such a system can be assessed. An adequate system must obviously lead to, or at least make possible, outcomes which we call by such names as morale, equity, standard of living, and the like.

But is it not equally clear that a system of teacher compensation is adequate to the extent that it calls forth teachers in the numbers and of the quality which the society requires and inadequate to the extent that it fails to do this?

Let me be quite specific. I do not propose this as the sole determinant of adequacy; I do suggest that it is a necessary condition for adequacy. A system that provides the needed supply of teachers may be adequate, if other conditions are met. A system that does not provide this supply cannot be adequate no matter what other conditions it meets.

I propose, therefore, to consider merit compensation, and its alternative, first in the light of this criterion, and then in terms of other possible outcomes. I should like, further, to limit this consideration strictly to its own context. Despite the popularity of such comparisons, I have a dark suspicion of analogies between school systems and business enterprises. A school district is not a business and I can see little value in the suggestion that it should operate like one. Moreover, in discussions of this kind there is, I think, a wholly unwarranted tendency to describe the salary administration plans which business has developed in terms altogether too sanguine and complimentary. They are not, in fact, all that good. Accordingly, let us consider the problem of teacher compensation in the only frame of reference that really is relevant—the conditions under which the profession of teaching is practiced and the needs of society with respect to the function of teaching.

But this whole question of merit pay is, after all, a debate, and if my memory of the dear, dead days is not altogether

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faulty, a debate requires a proposition expressed in the affirmative. Let me suggest one:

> Merit pay [for teachers] is [a] means of providing rewards commensurate with performance and should be universally adopted, with appropriate safeguards to insure fair treatment.

Let me hasten to confess that the words of this proposition are not my own; they appear in the report 'Goals for Americans," which is the result of the deliberations of the presidential Commission on National Goals. It seems appropriate for us to debate the proposition whether this should, in fact, be a goal for Americans.

Even now the intricacies are not all behind us. There remains the pertinent definition—what do we mean by merit pay? Again a generalization will not do. Since I am to defend the affirmative in the great debate, I should like to be very precise regarding what I mean by the term "merit compensation." Here is the definition which I propose to defend:

> From a fixed starting salary approximately competitive with starting salaries in similar professional employment, teachers should be granted automatic increases up to a "modest comfort" level of income. Beyond that, increases should be the concomitant of placement of teachers in broad categories defined by competence and ability. Such "merit" increases should be equal for all teachers in a given category. At any time, automatic increases should be withheld from teachers who fail to meet a minimum competence level.

This is not, of course, the only possible definition of merit compensation; further, I am not particularly disposed to argue the question whether this is "a typical" or "the best" interpretation of merit compensation. It is only that in the face of the often conflicting necessities of a complex situation this kind of definition seems to me to make sense and I am prepared to defend it.

To do so requires that we look first at some of the more critical problems confronting the teaching profession: the teacher shortage, high turnover in the profession, "moonlighting" (taking outside jobs), the less than adequate number of men attracted to the profession, the marked tendency of teachers of high competence to shift to administrative jobs, and the fact that colleges educating teachers seem consistently unable to attract their proper share of students of high potential.

While each of these problems has many dimensions, they have also one dimension in common. That is the income dimension. One of the major reasons for the existence of these problems is that teachers' incomes are inadequate.

Having reached this point, we are constrained to examine with some care the structure of income adequacy as it now exists in the teaching profession. Actually it requires no very profound or penetrating examination to discover where the inadequacy lies. By virtue of the progress which has been made over the last decade, starting salaries for teachers—at least in metropolitan areas—have reached or very nearly reached a level corresponding to and in many cases exceeding starting salaries in professions and occupations requiring comparable talent and training. The difficulty exists in the fact that there is typically a ceiling on teachers' salaries, a ceiling substantially lower than that existing in comparable jobs. I think it is logical to propose that it is this relatively bleak outlook which, so far as the income dimension is concerned, perpetuates a teacher shortage, drives good people out of the profession, requires those that stay to work as truck drivers and grocery clerks in their spare time, discourages talented students from enrolling in colleges of education, induces able teachers to shift to administrative jobs, and re-

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Two Viewpoints on Merit Pay

The NEA

(Resolution adopted by the Representative Assembly of the National Education Association at its annual convention, June, 1961.)

The National Education Association believes that it is a major responsibility of the teaching profession, as of other professions, to evaluate the quality of its services. To enable educators to meet this responsibility more effectively, the Association calls for continued research and experimentation to develop means of objective evaluation of the performance of all professional personnel, including identification of (a) factors that determine professional competence; (b) factors that determine the effectiveness of competent professionals; (c) methods of evaluating effective professional service; and (d) methods of recognizing effective professional service through self-realization, personal status, and salary.

The Association further believes that use of subjective methods of evaluating professional performance for the purpose of setting salaries has a deleterious effect on the educational process. Plans which require such subjective judgments (commonly known as merit ratings) should be avoided. American education can be better served by continued progress in developing better means of objective evaluation.

The AFT

(The following is from a speech by Carl J. Megel, president of the American Federation of Teachers.)

The American Federation of Teachers, representing classroom teachers, has vigorously opposed this specious practice [merit rating] for more than thirty years. Our organization has seen merit rating fail in city after city. We have seen school board after school board abandon it as unworkable and not conducive to improved educational practice.

The American Federation of Teachers knows that merit rating is a device designed to wreck the single salary schedule and to make teaching rewards appear higher than they are. We know that merit increases will be given to a relatively few teachers in order to blunt demands for across-the-board increases for all teachers.

Ideally, to speak of basing teachers' salaries on merit rating sounds completely plausible. But it is the impossibility of fairly judging and rating one teacher above another on a dollar-and-cents basis which makes the merit system unworkable. Experience has shown that the only way to protect the superior teacher from unfair, inadequate, inept, or vindictive rating is by the use of an adequate single salary schedule based upon training and experience.

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2. Merit Pay in Four Towns

By ARTHUR MYERS

RECENTLY, in the course of writing a series of articles for the newspaper with which I am education reporter—the *Berkshire Eagle*, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts—I visited ten communities in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York that have systems of merit pay for teachers, and one that had had merit pay for a short time and gave it up.

In this article, I will discuss four that seem to represent general patterns that merit pay takes. The communities themselves vary considerably. New Canaan, Connecticut (with 150 teachers in its school system), is a lush exurbanite town, with as high a financial and educational level as is likely to be encountered. Lexington, Massachusetts (250 teachers), is a high socio-economic suburb of Boston. Marshfield, Massachusetts (80 teachers), is an average-income, rural-suburban community south of Boston. And Peekskill, New York (165 teachers), is a small industrial city perched uneasily just inside the northern border of rich Westchester County.

Since New Canaan has what was described to me as the highest public school salary scale in New England—a $5,000 minimum to $8,500 maximum for the bachelor's degree—it can afford somewhat of a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward teachers regarding merit pay. Most teachers will take it at those figures. The superintendant of schools, Albert P. Mathers, told me he gets about 2,000 applications a year.

Nevertheless, he said, the teachers were very much opposed when merit pay was put in in 1955. "There is still a substantial bloc of them opposed," he said, "and you can rest assured that anyone who hasn't received his raise is opposed."

The maximum bachelor's degree salary is reached by fourteen yearly raises, known in the trade as increments. These amount to $275 each, except for the last step, which is $200. The teacher receives his increment only if he is judged favorably; in places that do not have merit pay, increments are given automatically, or for taking summer or evening courses.

Each teacher is evaluated every January, and given a rating of either excellent, satisfactory, or unsatisfactory. If he gets an unsatisfactory rating, he must leave, even if on tenure. Some twenty-five teachers have been dismissed since 1944, and many others have left of their own accord, suspecting they were about to be given an unsatisfactory rating. Thus it is likely that the faculty at New Canaan does not represent the normal curve of ability, but its upper portion. About 75 per cent of the teachers are rated excellent, about 19 per cent satisfactory, and about 3 per cent over the years get unsatisfactory ratings and must leave.

During his first nine years, a teacher must be rated satisfactory to get the increment; during the next five he must be rated excellent. (In all school systems under discussion, additional pay is given for advanced degrees, and in some for credits toward them.)

EACH teacher in January makes out a self-evaluation sheet, which he does not show to anyone. His principal also makes out an evaluation sheet on him, and goes over it with the teacher. It then goes to the superintendent.

Evaluation sheets are also made out by supervisors, principals, and assistant principals. A great deal of classroom visiting is done. The superintendent told me that he and the assistant superintendent make a lot of classroom visits, and the high school principal said he makes about sixty visits a year.

There are people whose primary duty is to make classroom visits to assist teachers in their teaching techniques, and also to evaluate the teachers.

All the evaluation sheets go to the superintendent. He makes recommendations to the school board. Mr. Mathers said the board has gone along with his recommendations.

If a teacher wishes to protest his rating, he can receive a hearing before a committee composed of a representative of the teachers' organization (a classroom teacher), a member of the school board, and the superintendent. The persons who evaluated the teacher must be present at the hearing. Mr. Mathers said only one teacher has protested.

A young teacher in New Canaan made some penetrating remarks about merit pay. He said: "I have mixed feelings about merit pay. It's worked for us here. The key to the whole thing is the supervisory personnel. We are fortunate here because we have people here whom we all respect. We know we'll be judged fairly.

"As it's a strength here, it could be a weakness somewhere else. It is possible that you are going to have people who are not going to rate people objectively. I think that teachers at first are bound to react negatively. They don't like to feel that someone is coming into their classrooms. The classroom is their domain. The basic thing is that people don't like to be rated."

New Canaan, and some of the other places I visited, have made few if any changes in their merit pay systems during the time they have had them. Lexington, Massachusetts, however, is different. Agonizing reappraisal has been the order of the day ever since—not to mention before—Lexington instituted merit pay six years ago. In fact, last year Lexington even stopped calling it merit pay. Now it's the leadership program.

The merit pay system was installed about six years ago, at a time when the teachers were pushing hard for a raise. The school committee wanted the merit system, and the teachers went along when it was tied to a $1,000-$1,500 boost in pay. Lexington now pays quite well—$4,600 to $7,350 for a bachelor's degree.

Teachers become eligible for merit pay in their seventh year of teaching experience (not necessarily their seventh year in Lexington). Thereafter they become eligible for merit pay consideration every three years. The merit pay is given in $300 jumps, of which five can be given. This is in addition to the regular annual increment, which varies at different steps from $200 to $275. Until this year, teachers were evaluated automatically every three years, unless they asked not to be. Since September, 1960, however, teachers have had to initiate their own evaluation.

NOW, the teacher must make out his own evaluation form, describing his background and particularly what he considers his leadership performance in the school and the community.

The teacher is then evaluated by his principal, department heads, supervisors, and often a person from the central school office. These independent evaluations then go to an evaluation committee, consisting of the superintendent, a member of the school committee, a principal, and four teachers. They make independent judgments and a written vote is taken. These recommendations are then presented to the school committee.

In recent years, the school committee has tightened up on merit raises. At first, raises were given to all persons recommended by the evaluation committee. But in 1959-60, for example, sixty-five teachers were eligible for merit pay, twenty-nine were recommended, but only eleven were given raises by the school committee.

In changing the name of the system from merit pay to the leadership program last year, Lexington was trying to put emphasis on leadership as well as outstanding teaching. Thus, a teach-

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CARL F. HANSEN of Washington, D.C.

By JAMES D. KOERNER

ALTHOUGH "leadership" has become a suspect word in education, through misapplication and overuse, it is clearly the appropriate one to characterize the work of Carl F. Hansen, Superintendent of Schools for the District of Columbia. A man with a strong academic bent and a low tolerance for permissive education, Hansen is, as Walter Tobriner (former president of the Washington school board and now president of the District of Columbia Board of Commissioners) says of him, "a passionate believer in meliorism in education, and he has the courage to translate his beliefs into practical school programs. The tremendous progress in the Washington school system since the inception of his superintendency is proof that his ideas are effective."

In the face of some of the stickiest and most frustrating administrative problems to be found anywhere, Hansen has been taking the Washington schools, with deliberate speed, toward a tough, systematic program of basic education for all children. He does it quietly, without benefit of huckstering or elaborate public relations, but with the consistent support of all major groups concerned with the District schools. His achievements in recent years, not as well known as they deserve to be, have much to teach other schools and other schoolmen.

A Nebraskan by birth and upbringing, Hansen attended public schools, did his undergraduate work at the University of Nebraska, and began his educational career in 1925 as a high school teacher of Latin and English. Between other teaching and administrative jobs he completed a master's degree, also at the University of Nebraska, and an Ed.D. degree at the University of Southern California. In 1947 he joined the District of Columbia school system as executive assistant to the superintendent of schools. Now in his middle fifties, he has been through most of the educational wars, met most of the problems, heard most of the debates, and examined most of the answers —and has come to certain views that many an educational administrator would regard as dangerously iconoclastic. Here is the way that Hansen has been talking to his constituency since he became superintendent in 1958:

Superintendent Carl F. Hansen

School is not life; it is an environment created for the purpose of organized instruction. Attempts to create the school in the image of life experiences have produced monstrous confusions, an illustration of which is a requisition submitted by a teacher for a kangaroo so that she could properly "teach Australia."

WE need to increase the content of all subjects, beginning in the earlier grades, in order to recover ground lost to the postponement theory (more commonly known as the readiness theory), which in recent years has seduced many American educators into believing that it is better to put off teaching today what can be taught tomorrow.

The prevailing doctrine of universal education through high school is one of our nation's greatest contributions to the democratic ideal, but tragic consequences flow steadily from a flaw in the character of our educational planning. And this is the unwillingness to systematize levels of instruction for all students—the bright, the average, the slow—and to emphasize continuous work in basic subjects for every student.

Putting such ideas to work in Washington schools would be the despair of many administrators. The student population is about 125,000 spread over 138 schools. Colored children represent the vast majority of this population and have a high rate of academic retardation. Moreover, the District has lost many middle—and upper class white families to the suburbs. Add to these factors an archaic and convoluted fiscal structure that gives many parties a crack at budget-chopping, and keeps salaries too low to compete with those in the suburbs, and you begin to get a picture of the educational milieu in which Hansen works. An articulate schoolman, he speaks softly, easily, and in rounded periods, and exhibits on all occasions an unruffled calm that belies the intensity of his educational convictions as well as the irritation he must feel when these views are misrepresented.

He can quietly bristle up, for instance, when distorted claims, pro or con, are made about the lessons to be learned from the integration of Washington schools. From the time the desegregation policy was adopted in the District, which followed hard upon the Supreme Court's decision in May, 1954, Hansen encouraged other administrators as well as teachers and students to assume, and to act on the assumption, that no trouble over integration would occur or would be tolerated if it did occur. The important job, Hansen stressed (he was an associate superintendent at the time to Hobart Corning, who as superintendent had the primary responsibility for carrying out desegration), was to concentrate, not on all the explosive potentialities of the situation, but on providing the best educational program possible for every child who reported to a District school in September, 1954.

THE widespread acceptance by both the schools and the public of this attitude made possible a remarkable thing: the sudden and peaceful transformation of a major school system from a totally segregated to a totally integrated one. Hansen continues today to handle integration with great success by ignoring it as an educational issue. Although he will readily admit the stubborn persistence of some educational problems traceable to integration, he prefers to focus on the other side of the coin—the incontestable academic progress made throughout the system since the overnight integration of the schools seven years ago. He feels strongly that Washington's experience with integrated education proves beyond question, not that large systems

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can be suddenly integrated without academic problems, as some proponents have claimed, but that the big problem can be handled with dispatch, and that negro children can respond fully as well as children of any other race to the intellectual demands of a solid school program.

What many people do not realize is that the Washington public schools have the largest proportion of Negro students of any school system in the nation—including those of deep-South cities like Atlanta, Birmingham, and Charleston. The proportion was about 75 per cent at the time of integration, and has grown to about 80 per cent in the present school year. Thus, in the opinion of many observers, the progress Washington has made in its desegregation program has been truly remarkable. Moreover, the school authorities have gone about the task with a steady eye on educational realities, particularly on the seldom-admitted fact that by and large the academic achievement of Negro students, many of whom come from culturally deprived backgrounds, is not equal to that of their more fortunate white classmates. The Washington public schools have made a frontal attack on this problem by establishing a four-track system of progress through the grades, under which any student—regardless of race—could advance as rapidly as his capabilities will permit. The subsequent achievement records of students in the Washington schools—white as well as Negro—have provided dramatic evidence of the success of the four-track idea.

The core of Hansen's philosophy is an abiding faith in the primacy of the basic subjects, particularly the disciplines of language and number, for all students. In no other way, he feels, can the goal of universal education—rational behavior—be universally realized. Every program he has begun in the District is a reflection of his central belief, hardly shared by the majority of professional educators, in the capacity of all children, except the mentally defective, to respond to regular and demanding academic work.

He strongly opposes the expanding curriculum and its corollary assumption that large numbers of students, even a majority, cannot profit from an "academic" program of studies. Although he would not eliminate vocational education (indeed, the Washington schools have a large vocational program), he would move as rapidly as possible toward a curtailment of the enrollment and scope of such courses. And he would prefer to call them "special," not "vocational," education. "The work that is most truly vocational," he says, "is academic work."

Thus he is among the relatively few schoolmen who cast a cold eye on the recommendations of James Bryant Conant. "Conant," says Hansen, "has bypassed the nonacademic learners, as they are unfortunately called, and fallen into the easy line of thought that they should be schooled in heavily vocational programs. The fact is that this great body of citizens needs effective, systematic instruction in the basic areas even more than the gifted. In Washington, we are beginning to demonstrate that the so-called slow learner can respond well to the basic subjects when they are taught well."

HANSEN is not the kind of traditionalist who would return to a nineteenth-century school system that was, so they say, sunk in concrete: fixed forever, rigid in content, mechanical in method, devoid of human warmth. Such schooling, if it ever existed, has no recognizable role in Hansen's programs—in none of which, he feels, is any violence done the principles of learning that have been developed in the last half-century. Hansen, in fact, frequently reveals an affinity for the new technology of education: educational television, team teaching, teaching machines, and such.

It was, for example, under Hansen's enthusiastic direction that the Washington school system, using local facilities and local financing, became one of the first to give educational TV an extended trial. Despite poor test results in the first and succeeding years, Hansen expanded the TV program steadily until it involved about 35,000 students and a variety of courses in music, languages, sciences, and other subjects. After the fifth year, however, as the poor test results continued, administrative pressure on teachers to use TV was removed, whereupon both teachers and students promptly elected to forget it. This in itself seems to Hansen a pretty good test. If after five years, educational TV simply could not sustain the voluntary interest of teachers and students, there seemed little justification in continuing it. Moreover, Hansen feels that TV usually has a deadening effect on instruction, in that it fixes the content of learning for every participating class, makes impossible the crucial job of *immediate* evaluation and reinforcement that a live teacher can do, and often leaves the teacher in confusion as to how to proceed when the TV stops. Hansen does see a role for educational television in self-contained programs that bring something to the class of real importance that is not otherwise available, but he is persuaded that as TV is now done it cannot justifiy itself in measured results.

Six years ago Hansen inaugurated one of his most notable experiments, the Four-Track system, wherein each student upon entering high school enrolls in one of four tracks. Although he normally can expect to complete school in that track, he is encouraged to move into a higher one, or into part of it, as soon as he shows the ability. The four tracks are known as: 1) *Honors*—self-explanatory; 2) *Regular—a* college preparatory program about which Hansen remarks: "If I could be, or wanted to be, fully authoritarian on this point, I would require every capable pupil, college bound or not, to choose this or the honors curriculum"; 3) *General*—a combination program of academic and vocational work, still enrolling more students than any other track; Hansen has little love for this track, with what he calls "its cafeteria-type election of subjects and its bargain-basement rummaging for good grades at reduced prices," and laments the wide support this kind of education continues to receive from parents and from people like Conant; 4) *Basic*—a euphemism for the retarded track, which last year enrolled about 20 per cent of the District's 12,642 high schoolers, whose scores on math and reading exams were at the sixth grade or lower.

WHILE ability grouping is hardly a new idea, there are unique factors in Hansen's plan. The main one, and the one that draws critical fire, is the academic emphasis that characterizes all four tracks. Systematic instruction in academic subjects at a pace appropriate to students' abilities is the controlling principle. Even with the retarded students of the Basic track, Hansen insists on an academic emphasis: "Shunting these students," he says, "into a sidetrack of so-called nonacademic education or forcing them to leave school is incredibly stupid and inhumane."

The general feeling in Washington is that the Four-Track system has proved itself well, not only in the above-normal rise in test scores for each grade, but also in its obvious effectiveness as an instrument for dealing with the massive academic problem created in 1954 by integration. Although integration was not the reason for the introduction of the track system, one should note, for example, that last year's test scores for the District's sixth grade—the first grade to begin kindergarten in integrated schools—shows the modal age group three points above the national norms. Although it is difficult to assess the Four-Track system in any precise way, Hansen has seen enough to be convinced of its value. So has the Board of Education, which in 1959 extended the track system into all the District's

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elementary schools. Most American schools, in Hansen's opinion, will have to come sooner or later to something like the Four-Track system.

Last year an unusual combination of circumstances gave Hansen a chance to put his academic bias to the test in another experiment, this time in the all-important elementary grades. He opened the Amidon School, kindergarten through sixth grade, in the southwest redevelopment area of Washington. An advance announcement told District parents that the new school would be open to pupils from any part of Washington, without regard to background or ability. Parents had only to provide transportation and a packed lunch. The curriculum in the school would be strongly academic, preplanned, systematic. Little use would be made of what Hansen calls "the more spontaneous, accidental system of learning," and there would be less emphasis on "projects," "units," and "concomitant learning experiences." Instead, there would be a firm and clear curriculum of basic subjects taught in a sequential and predetermined order.

THE response of Washington parents easily filled the school's quota of 460 pupils the first year, 70 per cent of them colored. The student body was unselected, taken on a first-come, first-served basis, and covered the whole range of ability. The staff was selected on a wholly voluntary basis and was made up, not of demonstration teachers or persons with special competence, but of teachers of average ability from the other District schools. The pupil-teacher ratio was about 1 to 30.

Thus the Amidon plan got under way in September, 1960, with all of the heavy adjustments demanded in a new school, where a new principal brings a new staff together with a new student body and a very new curriculum divided into three tracks.

Instruction at Amidon includes separately scheduled work in phonics, reading, literature, composition, spelling, speech, grammar and usage, handwriting, arithmetic, science, geography, history, art, and music. A textbook is used in each subject, goes home with the pupil for homework, and forms the base from which direct teaching is done in each subject. Reading instruction is solidly grounded in phonics, using the Phonovisual method (developed at the Primary Day School, a private school in Bethesda, Maryland), and work in it begins in the kindergarten, which is "no longer a play school," says Hansen, "but an integrated part of the total instructional program."

Most important, and most controversial, is the fact that the Amidon teacher instructs the entire class at once, reflecting Hansen's strong feelings on this point. "Within-class grouping," he says, "has led to overlong toleration of heterogenous grouping. . . . It tends to secrete from the student that he is below grade level in achievement. . . . It fragments instructional time." Composition begins in the first grade, grammar in the fourth, geography as a discrete subject in the fourth, and United States history as a chronological study in the fifth.

Although it is early to judge the success of Amidon, one can point out that only three pupils, exclusive of those moving out of the city or completing the sixth grade, chose not to return to Amidon the second year. Also, both parents and pupils responded to a year-end questionnaire with a monolithic vote of confidence for the Amidon School. And 86 per cent of the Amidon scores on standardized year-end exams were above the national norm. Language ability was markedly superior, a fact that Hansen ascribes to the Phonovisual system. Finally, every other elementary school principal in Washington has now voted to adapt the Amidon system to his own school, and to make the Phonovisual system the principal means of reading instruction.

Amidon, however, is not without its critics. People started tilting lances at it as soon as the plan was announced. One school board member in a neighboring community voiced the opinion of many when she said, incorrectly, that Amidon would prove nothing because the pupils and teachers would be so highly selected as to create an artificial situation. An assistant superintendent of schools, John Permenter, in Maryland's nearby Montgomery County, also voiced an opinion shared by many (and which Hansen feels to be the most incorrect and unfair possible) when he denounced the Amidon plan as "a sop to all the reactionary forces afloat."

Still other opinion, while less intemperate, is equally unfavorable, including some within the District school system. In some quarters close to home, Hansen is regarded as undemocratic ("Sure, you can get lots of things done as a superintendent if you do them by edict!"); in others, as hopelessly conservative. Among the NEA's top echelon, a few persons, such as T. M. Stinnett, have only praise for Hansen's ideas and his courage; but many others find it possible, perhaps not surprisingly, to contain their enthusiasm for both the man and his educational innovations. The NEA's Consultant on Elementary Education, Dr. Ethel M. Thompson, speaks no doubt for many professional educators when she discusses her doubts about any scheme like the Amidon. "One learns by doing," she says, "not by intellectual skills. Why learn to write when you have nothing to write about?" She believes that ability grouping such as that carried on at Amidon is very dangerous, and that the adoption of *a* textbook for each subject is reactionary. Most of all she cringes at the thought of teaching an elementary class as a whole and teaching subjects as separate entities. "All these subjects should be taught together, not apart," she says. "Art and music should pervade the curriculum. When you are studying the history of the South, for example, and pupils come upon the name of Stephen Foster, you should not pass it by in favor of facts about the Battle of Bull Run, but stop right then and there and sing a Stephen Foster song."

ON balance, Hansen and his ideas would seem to have been soundly vindicated in Washington. Whatever his critics may say (and what superintendent is without them?), he enjoys the overwhelming support of the public, the press, and of his associates. Most visitors to Amidon agree with Sterling McMurrin, United States Commissioner of Education, who describes his visit there as "one of the most fascinating experiences I have ever had," and who adds: "In my opinion, Superintendent Hansen has achieved outstanding success with the most difficult of social and educational problems." Echoing McMurrin's opinion, parents throughout the District are obviously pleased to see that a tough-minded basic education for every student is what—at least in the schools of the nation's capital—lies at the end of the progressive rainbow.

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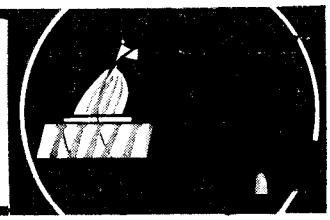
While School Keeps

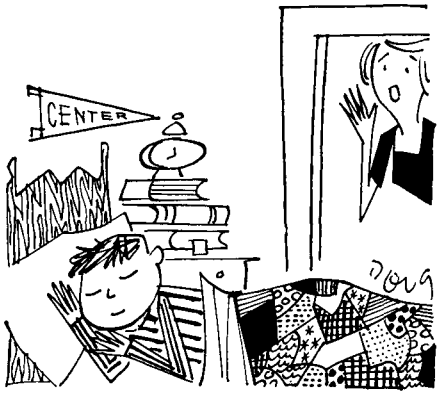


A FURTHER STEP in New York State's continuing effort to bring to bear "the total educational resources of the state in a massive attack on resistance, lethargy, and blocks to constructive change" is taken in a new publication, "Commissioner's 1961 Catalog of Educational Change" (State Department of Education, Albany, N.Y., 200 pp., Free.). Result of a year-long, statewide survey, the volume describes new programs and approaches in public and private, elementary and secondary schools throughout the state. Individual programs in each school are described separately and the name and address of the person from whom further information can be obtained locally is given.

Publication of the "Catalog of Educational Change" is one in a series of actions taken by Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., to stimulate constructive experimentation in the state's schools. Another recent report, "Organizing New York State for Educational Change," analyzed the dynamics of change in the classroom and recommended a statewide plan for accelerating the pace of change.

In his foreword to the present volume Commissioner Allen notes that the State Education Department does not necessarily endorse the new approaches to classroom instruction described. It does, however, endorse unequivocally "the spirit which led these schools to break the old framework in an effort to discover something better." The effort, then, is not so much to gain acceptance for any specific programs as to stimulate other schools to borrow and adapt to their own purposes the approaches that have been tried—and to launch their own experimental approaches to the teaching-learning process in the future.

COLLEGE ENROLLMENT in the U.S. hit a new all-time high in the fall of 1961 with a total of 3,891,000 students, according to the U.S. Office of Education. Of that number, about 62 per cent are men and 38 per cent are women. Related figures, however, give a somewhat different picture. Of this fall's freshman (first-time) enrollment of 1,026,000, 58 per cent were men and 42 per cent were women. Moreover, total enrollment has increased by 32 per cent since 1956, but during that period the enrollment of women has risen by 44 per cent while that for men has gone up only 25.7 per cent. Even more dramatically, women's freshman enrollment for 1961 is 55 per cent higher than in 1956 while freshman male enrollment has jumped only 42 per cent. Apparently, a higher proportion of that major untapped source of educated manpower—women—to which the experts have been looking so hopefully is beginning to prepare itself for professional service.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS in Baldwin, New York, have just launched a unique research project to adapt management practices of business and industry to school administration. In cooperation with Ebasco Services Inc., management consultants, a committee of school administrators will first identify the broad management functions that make up the administrative process. Each of these, in turn, will be subjected to intensive analysis to determine and develop the most effective approach. The objective, similar to that of business organizations which have devoted so much time and money to more efficient administration in recent years, is to solve the growing management problems of the schools.

Management, like teaching, requires special training and skills. During the past fifteen years the nation's schools have grown far faster than knowledge of how they can be administered efficiently. Therefore, says Robert W. Baylis, president of the Baldwin Board of Education, "By taking advantage of the advances business and industry have made in solving management problems . . . this program can contribute greatly to better management in our schools and more productive use of the taxpayers' money."

THREE STATE UNIVERSITIES, located at widely separated points in the country, have initiated their own intra-American exchange program. In an effort to stimulate greater diversity in their respective student bodies, the universities of Massachusetts and New Mexico and Florida State University have exchanged a limited number of students. University trustees have waived out-of-state tuition for students in the program so that the only added expense is transportation.

Private colleges and universities often place great emphasis upon the geographic spread of their student bodies, believing that tangible educational advantages are gained from living and working with individuals of varied background. The student body at state colleges, however, tends to be provincial since these institutions are set up specifically to serve residents of the state—less than 5 per cent of the University of Massachusetts' students, for instance, come from out-of-state. The new program is a direct effort to meet the problem of diversity in a period when the pressure of in-state students on state institutions is becoming even greater. The three initiating universities are hopeful that still others will join them in expanding their exchange program in the future.

THE LITTLE MAGAZINES have long held an honored—if somewhat precarious—place in the annals of contemporary American literature. Sponsored in large part by institutions of higher learning, they have encouraged countless aspiring authors and have provided the first forums for many, if not most, of the distinguished writers of our generation—Faulkner, Frost, Sandburg, Eliot, Hemingway, Saroyan, and Tennessee Williams, to name a few. Now, at the instigation of three editors—Reed Whittemore of Carleton College's *The Miscellany,* Robie Macauley of *The Kenyon Review,* and Andrew Lytle of *The Sewanee Review*—nineteen small literary publications have combined to form the Association of Literary Magazines of America with Allen Tate as honorary chairman. Their objective: to find means for increasing their prestige and usefulness in this country and Canada. Temporary headquarters is being provided by Whit Burnett at *Story Magazine,* 135 Central Park West, New York 23, N.Y.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN in America is far from satisfactory, according to much of the contemporary discussion about it. For the most part it consists of a more or less thorough exposure to the liberal arts—studies originally designed for the education of men. Because of the many roles they play in

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our national life, we educate women to be scientists or citizens, housewives or teachers, senators or secretaries—but we seldom attempt to educate them specifically to be women.

The Académie of Paris, in cooperation with the Sorbonne, is trying a new—or at least another—approach by offering a limited number of young women from many countries an intensive, one-year course in the arts of civilization. Students at the Académie must first be accepted by the Sorbonne, where they study the French language and follow the full program of studies of that institution's *Cours de Civilization Française*, each weekday morning. Afternoons are devoted to private tutoring at the Académie to sharpen their French, lectures on European music by leading musicians and critics, guided field trips to museums and landmarks of French culture. With rare exceptions, evenings are necessarily given over to study. Saturday mornings are devoted to the gentle art of cooking as the Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec initiates students into the mysteries of the *haute cuisine*.

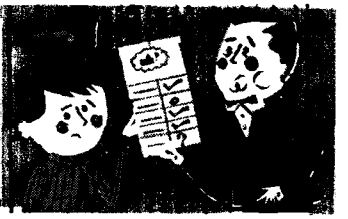
Founded a year ago by Madame Maggie Vaudable, wife of the owner-manager of Maxim's of Paris, the Académie charges $4,000 a year for tuition, room and board, a cost that, excluding transportation, does not compare unfavorably with expenses at a number of American colleges. Entrance requirements are simple: completion of secondary school, ability to speak French fluently, high intelligence, and a capacity for hard and intensive work.

More than half of the first year's class were American girls. One can only speculate at this early date on how effective education at the Académie will prove to be as preparation for managing a suburban ranch house and for chairing the local PTA.

A COLLEGE DEBATE with audience participation highlighted the University of Chicago's Debate Tournament last month. In addition to the conventional contests among the seventeen participating colleges, one Chicago-style debate—said to have originated on the campus many years ago—pitted a University of Chicago team against the Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society of Toronto. Under the Chicago-style rules, members of the audience are allowed to interrupt a speaker at any time in the debate to interject questions or contributions of their own. Such an intellectual free-for-all is no place for the thin-skinned or the slow-witted and a premium is placed on mental agility, but it does sound like great sport.

—James Cass.

Report Card



THERE AIN'T NOTHING LIKE IT. A couple of months ago (*SR*, Oct. 21) we commented in this space on the losing battle American teachers have been waging against the use of "ain't" by students. Now comes a woman from Nashville, Tennessee, who says she finds the word very useful. "I ain't found a word yet," she said recently, "that expresses what you ain't going to do like simply saying 'I ain't.' I have a sister who is a teacher. She ain't the best, maybe, and she ain't the worst. But she never gives up trying to stop me from saying ain't. One thing about it, though. I ain't going to stop." And finally there is the story of Drake University football coach Bus Mertes who came home one Saturday afternoon after his team had been clobbered by Kansas State. "Dad," said his young son, "you ain't much of a coach, are you?" "Right then and there," the coach reported, "I decided to put my foot down. I said 'Mike, don't ever again let me hear you say ain't.'"

CLASS ALWAYS TELLS. A nineteen-year-old student at Oxford University who has run 400 meters in 45.2 seconds recently received indirect feelers inquiring whether he would be interested in a scholarship at Arizona State University. "Quite frankly, their offer staggered me," he reported. "I have written saying that I am at a university which was founded when their ancestors were in trees. Imagine the temerity of suggesting that I should leave Oxford for Arizona. I have no idea what they might suggest I should study. It's probably handwriting."

THOSE STUPID MACHINES! In a recent press release, the University of Illinois confessed that during a test of teaching machine instruction a student at the Evanston High School spent the better part of the first two periods figuring out how to beat the machine—and did. Now comes further evidence that the horrible prospects of "1984" may not come to pass. IBM recently announced that it has developed a device that will enable an executive to dictate a problem to a calculating machine and get the right answer. The only trouble with the device, according to the inventor, is that (a) it will not tolerate sloppy pronunciation, (b) it has, at present, a vocabulary of only sixteen words, and (c) it has difficulty understanding women.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES! Chapter III. One hundred years ago, according to Frederick J. Moffitt in *The Nation's Schools*, the standard absence note ran something like this: "Dear Teacher. Please excuse Mary for absence from school yesterday. It was her brother's turn to wear the shoes."

TOUCHE! In Gibson County, Tennessee, a state trooper was assigned to ride a school bus to check up on motorists who failed to stop when the youngsters were being loaded and unloaded. At the end of the run, there were three people left in the bus—the driver, the trooper, and a ten-year-old schoolboy. The driver turned to the boy as he was getting out and said jokingly: "Well, I notice you behaved yourself today." "Yes," replied the youngster, "and I notice that we stopped at that stop sign we went through yesterday."

THE ULTIMATE CRIME. Shortly after the Soviets exploded their fifty-megaton bomb in the Arctic, President Kennedy received an anxious note from an eight-year-old girl in the third grade at Holy Cross School in Marine City, Michigan: "Please stop the Russians from bombing the North Pole because they will kill Santa Claus."

APPLES ARE OUT OF STYLE. At a junior high school in Athol, Massachusetts, classroom decorum recently went to pot. A student engrossed in his work felt a blow on the back of his head, so he immediately whirled around and clouted the student behind him. But the latter was innocent. What had happened was that a partridge had flown right through a window, shattering the pane and colliding with the student. The teacher quickly restored order, dispatched the wayward fowl, and brought it home to put in the family freezer.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY. An official of the British Columbia education department recently confessed that for the younger set in Victoria there is a correspondence course available for kindergarten students.

—John Scanlon

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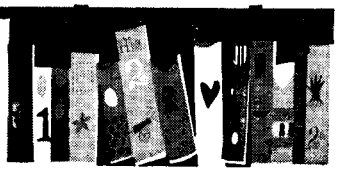
the Editor's Bookshelf



AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER has an interesting job but an extraordinarily difficult one. She is expected to do too many things, play too many different roles, teach too many subjects, and to display an array of talents rarely found in a single individual. Educators, who give much attention to individual differences among children, make little allowance for the equally important differences among teachers. In a conventional elementary school all teachers are expected to teach reading, writing, spelling, grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, science, and several other subjects effectively, but it is a rare teacher who knows, or can be expected to know, how to teach all these subjects well. The result is that many children must learn arithmetic from teachers who hate mathematics and science from teachers ignorant of science.

The public schools of Ossining and Long Beach, New York, working with New York University, are trying out, under a grant from the Ford Foundation, a new plan originated by Chancellor George Stoddard of NYU which is designed to make better use of the individual talents of teachers and thereby to provide better education for children.

A "homeroom teacher," who is usually a woman, is placed in charge of two groups of children, on a half-day basis for each. She teaches reading and the social studies and is responsible for registration and counseling. During the half-day spent with this teacher, the child is in a "grade" just as he is in the conventional school.

The other half day is assigned to specialist teachers, some of whom are men, who teach mathematics, science, music, art, and other specialties. These teachers work with the same children year after year and consequently become better acquainted with them than any teacher can hope to do in a single year. During this part of the day a child is not assigned to a specific grade—each is encouraged to advance as rapidly as his talents in each subject permit. If he is ready for algebra at the age of ten he gets algebra; if he shows exceptional talent in science, music, or art he is allowed to move far ahead of his classmates. And, beginning with grade five, there is an optional sequence in a foreign language.

"The Dual Progress Plan," by George D. Stoddard (Harper, $4), is a detailed account of how this plan operates and a statement of the philosophy behind it. Stoddard has been President of the University of Illinois and is now Chancellor of New York University, but his special qualifications to speak with authority on the subject of elementary education grow out of the fact that he is also a distinguished psychologist who has made important contributions to our understanding of how children learn and develop.

The experiment described in this book deserves the close attention of everyone responsible for or concerned about elementary education. It combines some of the best features of team teaching with those of the ungraded primary plan and yet retains some of the virtues of the self-contained classroom. Already it is meeting opposition from conservative educators who want no tampering with the self-contained classroom and who are reluctant to have a child taught by more than one teacher during any one school year, but the Stoddard plan is based upon sound psychological principles and the fact that it violates traditions is not sufficient reason for ignoring or rejecting it.

SHORTER WORKING HOURS have given us far more potential leisure time than was available to our ancestors but there is good reason to doubt that this time is being used wisely. Eagerly seizing upon the opportunity, the American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation has published a committee book, **"Leisure and the Schools,"** (1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., $4.75) which urges that schools meet the crisis by devoting a much larger proportion of their time and money to preparing children for recreational activities.

When any special interest group presents its views on education it is prone to want its own specialty to become the heart of the school program. These authors are no exception. They say, "Education for leisure should permeate the entire span of formal education and the life of the individual. The goal should be to so integrate the educational process that wise use of leisure is the result of education. Education for leisure should not be confined to a specific time or place but should be infused throughout all learning."

The educational programs recommended as appropriate for the schools of tomorrow include a much greater emphasis on festivals, hobbies, clubs, athletics, picnics, cook-outs, rhythms, dancing (folk, square, and ballroom), games, stunts, and circus acts. It is notable that nearly all of these are group activities.

It does not seem to have occurred to any of the ten contributors to this volume that a civilized human being may profitably spend some of his leisure time in quiet contemplation and in reading great literature, philosophy, science, or history—and that one way to prepare a child for the wise use of leisure time is to teach him to read and to enjoy reading. Nor do they consider the possibility that anyone who can read a simple "how-to" book can learn many of the suggested activities without instruction at school.

We welcome the new leisure and hope it can be used wisely. No doubt the schools, including the teachers of physical education and recreation, can play a part. But, if it is not already too late, we would like to express the forlorn hope that at least a little of our leisure time can be left unorganized and untutored, and that when we go fishing, pitch a tent, or paddle a canoe, there will not be a professor of recreation breathing down our necks to tell us just how to do it. —P.W.

"The Dual Progress Plan"—Excerpts

"The key concept in high achievement is the ability to accept a task and drive through to its completion. If we place the goals low, the happiness ('life adjustment') of pupils is readily attainable and may become cloying."

"We learn to do neither by thinking nor by doing; we learn to do by thinking about what we are doing."

"At any age, to be only a member of a group is to be less than a complete person."

"Elementary education is, indeed, a conspicuous example of the unexamined life on the American scene. Criticism is chiefly external, but it is mounting and can no longer be dismissed as the chronic condition of unhappy persons. Neoprogressive schools having failed John Dewey, have not as yet achieved solid virtues of their own or convinced the American public that education is truly on the right track."

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BOOK REVIEW

The Unending Conflict

"Religion, Government, and Education," edited by William W. Brickman and Stanley Lehrer *(Society for the Advancement of Education, 288 pp., $5.25), includes ten essays on the church-state issue, past and present, in the schools.*

By James Cass

SHOULD we be open-minded on matters of principle? When public policy is being hammered out in public debate and private conclave, should we defer decision until all the evidence is in—even when our most basic convictions on social and political issues are involved? How informed should the public be before it makes public policy that will shape our society for generations to come? And when the evidence itself is fragmentary, inconclusive, conflicting—what then?

"Religion, Government, and Education," is addressed specifically to men of good will "whose minds are still open to the consideration of forgotten and new data" bearing on the three-way relations of church, state, and school. The editors believe, surely with good reason, that much of the debate on the subject in the past "has been characterized by emotionalism and partisanship rather than by objectivity and restraint." In an effort to provide a basis for more rational discussion in the future, they offer a fresh look at the problem, and at the historical record, the court decisions, the individual and group statements, and the actual practices in the schools.

To help the reader become better informed about this many-sided issue the editors provide ten essays by nine authors exploring various aspects of the issue from different points of view. Six of them focus primarily on the crucial question of public funds for church-sponsored schools. The six authors include a secular humanist, two Protestants, two Jews, and one Catholic. An introductory essay gives the legal and constitutional background of the issue and a long concluding chapter by editor Brickman traces shifting attitudes on church-state relations as they have affected education in many nations and cultures from ancient Israel to contemporary Central Asia. Two other essays describe special aspects of the broad church-state-school problem.

The volume reminds the reader forcefully that differences of opinion on this crucial issue by no means follow strict religious lines. The agreement among religious groups and the diversity of opinion within them is amply demonstrated. Editor Brickman's final chapter of more than 100 pages gives comparable evidence on the diversity of theory and practice in church-state relations across the centuries and around the world.

As a reference collection of basic facts and clearly stated points of view, the volume will be most useful to many concerned with the subject. The appendix, for instance, contains a marvelously informative chronology of important events in the evolution of church-state relations from the seventeenth century to July of 1961. It also includes a number of current documents on the subject not easily available elsewhere.

But "Religion, Government, and Education" is disappointing, given the editors' intellectual sophistication and wide-ranging knowledge of the field. It does, as promised, take a new look at the facts, almost all of them; it does *not* offer new insights or new perspectives on the issue. The ground it covers —the practical, legal, and historical issues—has already been well worked by many other informed and intelligent seekers after truth. At this late date the editors' conviction that the facts, if enough are assembled and arranged in logical sequence, will lead to objective decisions, seems sanguine to a fault.

The American tradition provides an endless number of conflicting precedents for action in 1961. The Supreme Court has left so broad a gray area of indecision in its pronouncements on church-state-and-school relations that men of almost any persuasion may take hope that the next decision will favor their point of view. A new reading of what was really in the minds of the founding fathers when they composed the First Amendment to the Constitution is likely to profit us little. The available facts,

in all their glorious, conflicting, contradictory, and confusing detail have long been well known. They are important, and more Americans should be familiar with them. But something more is needed to move the minds and hearts of men to seek wise decisions on this crucial issue of public policy.

The individual essays in this volume are often excellent when they present plain, forceful statements of points of view, together with the logic and the evidence on which they are based. These are the conflicting elements from which public policy must be forged. But when they turn polemical, when they attempt merely to score debating points, they inform no one and serve only to persuade the already convinced.

Neither fact nor logic is likely to lead us to a solution of our problem. But together they may, as the editors hope, help to raise the level of discussion of the issue. Then, we may be able to move on to a more careful analysis of the courses of action open to us—and the potential effects on our society that may result from each. It is in this area of possible alternatives open to us that this volume disappoints. The reader is left with the impression that our only solution is for one point of view to win enough converts—and to translate them into effective political power—to win the field.

Only R. Lanier Hunt of the National Council of Churches proposes any other possibility—the "shared time" idea. Whatever that idea's merits, it represents the kind of ingenuity and willingness to break with traditional practice—without forcing a break with principle—that promises the most satisfactory solution to the issue of church, state, and school in the immediate future.

By far the most tantalizing question raised by "Religion, Government, and Education", however, is whether the whole issue of church-state-school relations is a meaningless will-o'-the-wisp. There is little if any objective evidence that the kind of school a child attends has much effect on his later behavior. Catholics, for instance, are unable to show that parochial school graduates are any more moral or any more firmly committed to their faith than similar Catholic children who attended public school. And, by the same token, public school supporters can present no evidence that their graduates make better citizens, participate more fully in civic affairs, or are more tolerant on crucial isues than their parochial school colleagues. Perhaps, before the discussion goes much farther, it would be wise for us to try to get some of the facts that will help to tell us not only what the shooting is all about, but whether it is even worth taking aim.

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New Books

INTELLIGENCE AND EXPERIENCE. *By J. McV. Hunt. Ronald Press.* 416 *pp.* $8. An up-to-date professional analysis of the state of our present knowledge regarding the origins and nature of intelligence.

THE MEDIEVAL UNIVERSITY. *By L. J. Daly, S.J. Sheed and Ward.* 241 *pp.* $5. A historical analysis of medieval higher education.

EDUCATION AND THE COMMON GOOD; A Moral Philosophy of the Curriculum. *By Philip H. Phenix. Harper.* 271 *pp.* $4. A treatise on the basic purpose of education in a free society.

EXPLAINING "TEACHING MACHINES" AND PROGRAMMING. *By David Cram. Fearon Publishers* (828 *Valencia St., San Francisco*). 86 *pp. Paperback,* $2. An introduction to programmed instruction for both professional educators and laymen.

COMMISSIONER'S 1961 CATALOG OF EDUCATIONAL CHANGE. *By Henry M. Brickell and James K. Sunshine.* (*Commissioner of Education, State Education Department, Albany, N.Y.*) 200 *pp. Paperback, Free* (See WHILE SCHOOL KEEPS.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY EVENING COLLEGE. As observed in Ten Urban Universities. *By James T. Carey. Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults.* (4819 *S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.*) 73 *pp. Paperback,* $1.

ADULT EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *National Association of Public School Adult Educators.* (1201 *Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C.*) 78 *pp. Paperback,* $.50. First major policy statement on adult education developed by three leading national educational organizations in cooperation with NAPSAE.

RESEARCH STUDIES IN EDUCATION. *Edited by Stanley Elam.* Phi Delta Kappa (*Bloomington, Ind.*) 133 *pp. Paperback,* $3.50. "A subject and author index of doctoral dissertations, reports, and field studies; and a research methods bibliography."

U.S. GOVERNMENT FILMS FOR PUBLIC EDUCATIONAL USE—1960. *By Seerley Reid et al. U. S. Office of Education.* (*Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.*) 502 *pp. Paperback,* $2.75. An index and brief description of more than 5,000 films on subjects ranging from AWOL to Zoysia grass which may be bought or borrowed for school or private use.

THE COLLEGE HANDBOOK. *Edited by S. Donald Karl. College Entrance Examination Board, Rosedale Road, Princeton, N.Y.,* 747 *pp. Paperback,* $2.50. Descriptions of the more than 350 member schools of the CEEB, written by the schools themselves.

HOW AN IVY LEAGUE COLLEGE DECIDES ON ADMISSIONS. *By Katherine T. Kinkead. Norton.* 94 *pp.* $2.95. Description of the process of screening students for admission to Yale.

GRADUATE EDUCATION: A CRITIQUE AND A PROGRAM. *By Oliver C. Carmichael. Harper.* 213 *pp.* $4.50. (*To be reviewed next month.*)

Scholarship Letters Are the "Thing"

Last year our student council inaugurated a policy of rewarding superior scholarship with varsity letters of the same size and quality as those offered in sports. In order to emphasize the top-level nature of the program, standards were set unusually high. To qualify for one of the coveted letters, an aspiring student must make the high honor roll three out of four grading periods and maintain a G (Good) or better in citizenship for the entire year.

The result is phenomenal. Fifty per cent of our student body is working toward a scholarship letter in 1961. Behavior problems have practically disappeared, and students are now actually practicing self-discipline. Scholarship has slipped out of the shadows and into the sunshine of student approval. Smart students no longer attempt to conceal superior abilities lest they earn the undesirable epithet, "egg-head." No longer do teachers assign a little homework with fear and trepidation. Rather, we find ourselves apologizing for our inability to keep up-to-date with the prodigious amounts of extra credit work our students are continually demanding and preparing.

Incentives to greater intellectual achievement by high school students are badly needed today. Lincoln Junior High has found one that really works.

—Beulah Crenshaw, Teacher, Lincoln Junior High School, Carbondale, Illinois.

Letters

Continued from page 41

"fresh thinking" in a military preparatory school. Let Mr. Smith continue to do the fresh thinking.

WILLIAM H. OSBORNE,
Superintendent,
Peekskill Military Academy.
Peekskill, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST read the article "Military Schools—Do They Educate?" by Mr. Ralph Lee Smith. It is one of the finest articles on military schools I have ever read.

JOHN M. VANDERFORD,
Director of Admissions,
Admiral Farragut Academy.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

A POSSIBLE FOOTNOTE to the recent article "Military Schools—Do They Educate?"

In the Princeton class of my Culver-educated elder son, approximately one-tenth of the class made Phi Beta Kappa but one-third of the six Culver graduates in that Princeton class made it.

FRANKLIN COURTNEY ELLIS.
Hubbard Woods, Ill.

THE NEW PHYSICS

IN YOUR ISSUE of October 21 you had an article entitled "Jerrold Zacharias: Apostle of the New Physics." In this article PSSC (Physical Science Study Committee) physics was discussed.

I am a senior in high school and am enrolled in a PSSC physics class. This is one of the most difficult courses I have ever taken, and it is also one of the most rewarding. Besides being taught physics we are being taught how to think and reason on our own, which certainly is necessary in the world today.

I hope that there are more people like Dr. Zacharias who have the ability and the desire to bring about similar changes in other fields of education.

NANCY H. TUCKER.
South Glastonbury, Conn.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

THE COLLEGE football season has come to an end, the choices for the bowl games have been made, and the laurels are being distributed to the schools whose teams have made the finest records.

One kind of award, however, seems to me to be missing. My hope is that the monthly education section of *SR* can repair the deficiency. Why don't we establish annual awards for the schools with the ten worst football teams in the nation? There is at least a suggestion, in a poor record, that the money must be going elsewhere—hopefully, into the school itself.

We should, of course, save the grand prize for the school whose team not only has not won a single game but has not scored a single point. To paraphrase Bob Hutchins, "There's a school that a football team can be proud of."

NORMAN COUSINS.
New York, N.Y.

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The Whole Child

Continued from page 43

the curriculum. The success of that project, now grown to the Higher Horizons program and spreading through similar efforts around the country, is a clear sign of the direction we must go. The success is to be measured, not simply by how many children who were formerly deprived of good education are now able to attend universities, but by how all of the children in school have been educated up to the limits of their particular talent, and how the community itself has been enriched and changed by the increase in knowledge and the lift in attitude. The recruitment, on a national scale, of hundreds of young college graduates to teach in these communities, and to enter into the life of the community itself, would have an immediate effect on the improvement of these areas. We need a Peace Corps for our own educational system.

There are others who form the vanguard for a new progressive movement to be found among those who are pressing toward a new conception of the child's mind and his capacity to learn. These are men and women who, like Jerome Bruner in his experimental work at Harvard, are dealing directly with children to find the best ways in which they can learn, and who collaborate actively with scholars from the university and teachers from the schools to infuse the subject-matter of the school curriculum with ideas drawn from modern discoveries in science, mathematics, literature and the arts.

Too often in the past, those progressives who worked with the concept of the whole child made their own separation of the intellect from the emotions, and the child from his society, by placing primary emphasis on the child's psychic security and emotional comfort. The particular contribution of the "whole child" concept to education in this century has been to turn the educator's attention to the psychic development of the child and to the way in which his personal relations, his emotions, his ability to learn and to build a character are directly affected by the social and psychological environment of the classroom and the school. In part this was a reaction against the rigidity and insensitivity of traditional school practices. In part it was a new and fascinating theory of learning and of personality development which has dominated modern thought since the century began.

But the original concept of the whole child has become corrupted by use and misuse into something no longer recognizable in the original. There are many who have accepted modern ideas without understanding them, and have developed a simple-minded psychology which holds that as long as there is good feeling and "warm" relationships there is healthy emotional development. Or, conversely, that in order to preserve the sense of worth and the feeling of confidence in the child it is necessary never to express or convey negative judgments or to carry out direct instruction.

What may very well happen here is that you get neither emotional nor intellectual maturity, but instead sloppy work, under-achievement, and unstable emotions. Freud's point was that neuroses in later life could be traced back to traumatic experiences in childhood. He did not argue that all negative experiences and prohibitions in childhood are traumatic. In fact, the removal of authority and of critical judgment on the part of the teacher may leave the child to wallow in a mass of indecision, or, in the case of the adolescent, to spend so much time in self-concern, question-raising and in rationalizing his indolence that there is no longer any inclination toward responsibility. The child may begin to feel that he must be forgiven everything, and failure to meet sensible standards may be called by dozens of forgiving psychological names.

The conservatives are now legitimate in their criticism of that kind of "adjustment" which adjusts moral and intellectual scruples right out of the educational situation. It is wise for a child to know that there are certain things to which a teacher and a society should not be expected to adjust. A recent statement from a group of psychiatrists describes an effort on their part to develop drugs which will, they hope, lead to the control of disgust, pique, resentment and other emotions, and in the long run instill "altruism, brotherly love and scientific creativity." For certain situations and certain actions there can be no more healthy emotion than that of disgust, and I would hate to see it done away with.

Some of those who equate modernism in education to the necessity of being permissive in every situation are using their personal response to children as a kind of drug in exactly this sense. True learning comes from engaged effort in the right circumstances. It does not spring full-blown from the unconscious, nor should it be overly protected from the reality into which it goes. The necessity for meeting clear criteria of achievement is one of the spurs to creative effort. The student who is not measuring himself against a set of standards appropriate to himself and his situation cannot gain the strength he needs no matter how desperately friendly everyone is. He will gain in personal stature and emotional size more from engaging in serious intellectual tasks to meet the expectations of a sensitive and discerning teacher than he will from undiluted tender loving care.

On the other hand, the conservatives who argue for more discipline, harder subjects and more of them, seldom pause to think about actual consequences as far as the children are concerned. What they are likely to get is the elimination of a large number of children who simply can't do the work. This converts the subjects into testing devices to screen out those who can't do them well. It may also assure that these subjects will contain little nourishment for the intellectual life of the children who can.

As a result there are extraordinary pressures on the child from all sides—from his parents who urge him to work harder and "get good grades," from the community where his status is involved, from the testing program of the school, that mechanical monster which decides his fate. But such pressures do little more than to destroy the possibility of his genuine intellectual growth, since the necessities of test-passing inhibit the enjoyment of ideas and the deeper consideration of their meaning.

The child gains no benefit from constant admonition unless the urging is accompanied by sensitive help in learning. The stance is wrong. The child who is unable to do well in mathematics or in English does not need goading or the threat of a bad grade. He needs good teaching and a curriculum of the kind which does not badger him with difficulties but helps him to overcome them.

The conservatives, after calling for more discipline, denounce the progressives for wanting the opposite, for wanting to pamper children, cater to their interests, and leave them undis-

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WHAT IVAN KNOWS THAT JOHNNY DOESN'T

By ARTHER S. TRACE, JR.

By the time American children finally get Jack and Jill up that hill, their Russian counterparts will be analyzing the hill's role in world affairs. This disturbing new book compares American and Russian school curricula and reveals that our children are not only behind the Russians in science, but in geography, history and literature, too.

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See
Special Announcement
Page 4

ciplined. The denunciations are valid in those cases where teachers assume that anything which is not exciting and interesting to the child is therefore bad for him. This kind of teaching is not particularly progressive, it is simply bad teaching, and there are many kinds of bad teaching.

Progressive theory does not call for sacrificing intellectual achievement to emotional well-being or to superficial game-playing. It calls for intellectual activity to which the child can commit himself, it calls for practical experience with the arts, sciences and society, it calls for consideration of the child's capacity to learn and of the stage of learning which he has presently reached. It holds that the subject-matter of the curriculum must be designed in such a way that it nourishes the intellectual growth of the child and gives him a chance to handle ideas for himself.

The trouble with much of the elementary and high school curriculum is not that it has been constructed by progressives, but that it has not kept pace with the child's ability to learn. It has fallen behind that ability, partly because too little attention has been paid to the child as an individual, thus striking an average of standard material which has neither lifted the slow nor challenged the fast, and partly because too little attention has been paid to the intellectual content of the curriculum itself.

Beneath this is a deeper cause—the lack of sustained attention by scholars in the sciences and the arts to the intellectual quality of the entire public school curriculum. This is also true of the college curriculum, an apparatus consisting mostly of standard textbooks, a pre-arranged syllabus and a content which goes unrevised from year to year except for occasional changes in the textbooks. The scholars in the universities have been interested almost exclusively in their own subject-matter and not in education. Therefore the content of the curriculum in the schools and in the colleges has seldom been refreshed by the contributions of first-rate minds in contemporary scholarship.

The establishment of a strong curriculum with serious intellectual content is not a question of adding more subject-matter in order to give children more to do, or to make the curriculum "harder," so that the mind will be trained. It is a question of holding in one's mind a double image of what the curriculum must be and what it must do, just as the composer writes down what he is composing and hears his own sounds as he writes. A curriculum is a composition in just this sense, and it consists not merely in textbooks and readings, but in questions, experiences, atmosphere, attitudes, remarks, interests. A true curriculum can only be made by one who knows intuitively what his plan of education will be like in action, what kind of response it can evoke in the learner.

The educator must therefore have an image of the child in the reality of his school and his society, at a particular stage in the child's life, and in relation to all the parts of that life. Once endowed with this empathy, the educator must then be a scholar who is deeply educated in a field of knowledge he has mastered, and must be concerned that the learner be enabled to come to terms with that field. Progressive theory calls for experimental work of the kind now being done in mathematics by those scholars who are finding new ways to overcome the unnecessary difficulties standing between the child and mathematical concepts. The problem of these educators is not simply to make things easy for the child, but rather to build a curriculum in such a way that the child is able to learn from it, to enjoy it, to work with it. Out of such work comes intellectual discipline.

We must be very clear about this. It is the deepest point of difference between liberal and conservative ideas, and it goes to ultimate questions of social and moral philosophy. In effect, the conservatives say, teach the sciences, foreign languages, mathematics, history, literature, teach them straight, teach them early. There are facts, ideas and subjects which everyone must know; the children who grasp these readily should be recognized and rewarded, should be assigned to the best teachers, while the rest should be recognized for what they are—inferior in mental ability.

What the conservative is really arguing against is the compassion of the liberal, who wishes to shield the child from punitive devices, from the strictures of authority and the destructive effects of competition, both intellectual and social, until the child is strong enough to establish a true character of his own. He may then be discovered to have become tough-minded, disciplined in independence, while retaining his sensitivity.

To this end, the curriculum must be a means through which each child may become engaged in serious intellectual action; the curriculum is the substance on which his growth is nourished.

Serious intellectual effort is a joy to the child, the discovery of facts and the creation of one's own conclusions are the ultimate joys of learning. The kind of society which makes this possible is one which respects the child for what he can do and does all that can be done to help him to do it.

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Talent Hunt

Continued from page 45

dent and indicates his readiness for high-level college work. It is 44 pages in length and requires three hours for its administration. Since the skills it measures are taught in all secondary schools, the test does not favor any particular high school curriculum. Nor is the content of the test such that the student can raise his score by frantic last-minute study: it covers too much ground for such an effort to be successful.

There is considerable debate in our secondary schools about the relative importance of aptitude and achievement. Aptitude, it is supposed, is a characteristic one is born with; the schools are in no way responsible for the aptitudes of their pupils. If a person is low in intelligence or aptitude, nothing can be done for him. But achievement is a different story. Here the schools have some responsibility. With equal effort the very bright student will learn more than the dull student; but if the person of lesser aptitude works more diligently than the individual with greater intelligence, he may indeed climb higher than his brighter associate who has less ambition and drive. In the Merit Program the effort of the student is considered, and all students are encouraged to apply themselves to attain greater heights in the intellectual realm.

The scores are reported to the students by the schools. They can then be used, in conjunction with interpretive material that has been supplied to the schools, as an aid in counseling students about their future academic plans and adult careers. So no one loses by taking part in the Merit Program; there is some value for everyone.

The tests used in the Merit Program are handled by recognized testing agencies. The National Merit Scholarship Corporation does not prepare tests, sell tests, or derive any money from test sales. The corporation does specify the nature of the test it wishes and the conditions that the contractor must meet in supplying the first screening test. To meet the heavy costs of testing each participant pays a $1 fee directly to the testing agency. If a student is unable to pay this fee, the National Merit Scholarship Corporation pays it for him.

On the basis of this screening test, a group of 35,000 students is given some type of recognition each year. About 10,000 students, the top ones in each state, are named semifinalists. The number selected from each state is proportional to the number of students graduating from high school in that state. California, for example, had over 902 semifinalists in 1961 while Nevada had fourteen. Since they are chosen separately for each state, the semifinalists are representative of the best from every section of the country.

In addition to the semifinalists, who constitute less than 1 per cent of the high school graduates, a second group is selected. The 25,000 students in this group are sent Letters of Commendation encouraging them to continue with their education. The number of commended students in each state varies according to the proportion scoring high on the test nationally, without regard to the state-by-state selection of the semifinalists. In New York, for example, in 1961 there were almost 4,000 Letters of Commendation awarded, while in three of our states fewer than twenty-five students won this honor.

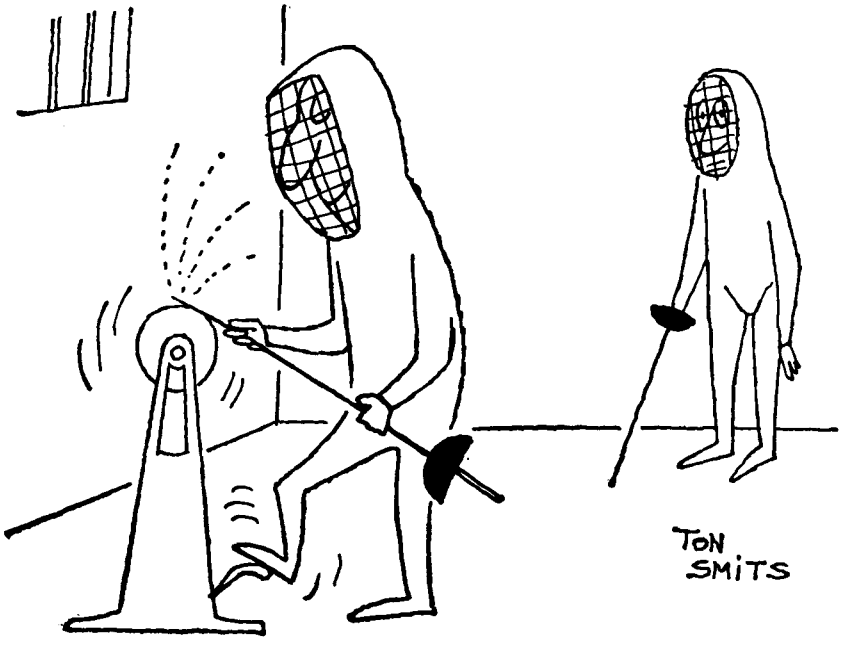
The Letters of Commendation were introduced in the third year of the Merit Program. At that time some skepticism was expressed as to the value of a form of recognition which is not accompanied by any financial aid. However, the results of preliminary studies indicate that such recognition has a stimulating influence on able students. It gives them more self-confidence, it encourages them to apply themselves, and it causes them to set somewhat higher intellectual goals in life.

After the 10,000 semifinalists have been selected, they are asked to take a second test, a scholastic aptitude test. Each semifinalist is also requested to supply certain information about himself and to have his school submit his academic record and its recommendation. Virtually all of the semifinalists, over 97 per cent, meet these requirements and confirm their earlier test scores. They thereby become finalists in the program, and are eligible to receive a Merit Scholarship.

Unfortunately, there is not enough money available to award a Merit Scholarship to every finalist. The field must be narrowed even further. The recipients of National Merit Scholarships (unsponsored scholarships made possible by the founding grants) are chosen by a committee of experts skilled in exercising the kind of judgment required. This committee meets to review the list of finalists and, on the basis of the school's recommendations, the student's test scores, academic record, and outside activities and work, to select those students from each state whom they believe to be the most highly qualified.

In addition to the unsponsored National Merit Scholarships, the National Merit Scholarship Corporation awards scholarships sponsored by corporations, foundations, and individuals, and these now exceed in number the unsponsored Merit scholarships. Many of these sponsors leave the selection of the winners of their scholarships to the same committee that selects the winners of National Merit Scholarships. However, a sponsor may, if he wishes to do so, choose from among the finalist group (All of whom have proved themselves to be academically qualified) those students who meet his special interests. For example, some sponsors prefer students who have an interest in science, while some prefer students residing in certain geographic areas. Many sponsors are interested in helping to finance the education of any employees' children who achieve the high status of finalist in the Merit Program.

The semifinalists are listed in a book which is distributed to all colleges and other scholarship-granting agencies. Partly as a result of this distribution of



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names, these students receive many additional offers. About half of the semi-finalists receive either a Merit Scholarship or some other offer of financial aid.

In selecting scholarship winners, no consideration is given to the student's family background or social and economic status. The selection is based on merit only. Thus the student selected for a Merit Scholarship may be one whose family is able to support him in college, or he may be one who needs outside help in financing his college career.

On the basis of detailed financial information supplied by the parents and the cost of the college, the amount of money or stipend to accompany the scholarship is determined. About a third of the Merit Scholars currently receive an annual stipend of $250 or less. At the other extreme, about 20 per cent receive the maximum stipend of $1,500. At the present time, the average stipend is around $847 a year, or nearly $3,400 for the four years of college. (This is about two and a half times the amount of the national average [$340 a year] of scholarship awards made by colleges and universities.) Even when a Merit Scholar's stipend is only $250 or $300 a year, it can make the difference between the student's attending the college of his choice and his going to an institution which he believes to be less satisfactory. The Merit Scholarship money therefore is of major significance to most of the students.

In addition to the stipend paid to the Merit Scholar, the scholarship is usually accompanied by a grant to the College to be used in whatever way the college wishes. The purpose of this grant is to call public attention to the importance of assisting privately supported colleges. In 1960-61 approximately $700,000 was given to the colleges. During the same year, payments to the students amounted to about $2.5 million.

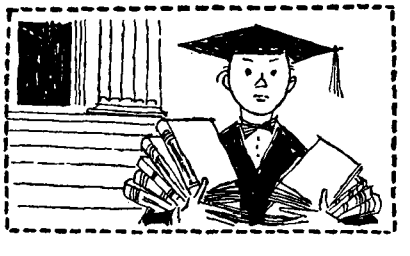
Obviously the Merit Scholar has been selected with great care from among hundreds of thousands of participants, and he is an interesting—sometimes an exciting—young person. He has scored in the top fraction, about 1 per cent, of the high school seniors in his state. His high school academic record and recommendations are superior. His activities outside the classroom testify that he is a person of some breadth. As might be expected, many of the winners have parents who are well educated; the father is a physician, a lawyer, a teacher, or an executive. The interesting fact, however, is that many of the parents have less intellectually taxing occupations—barber, cab driver, mail carrier, etc.

The personalities of Merit Scholars are of particular interest. The public usually thinks of the very bright young student as a rather peculiar, introverted type — smaller in physique than the average, somewhat antisocial, and rather narrow in his interests.

This image is a false one. The brainy can be brawny too. Research has shown that gifted young people are generally taller, heavier, and physically and mentally healthier than those of average intelligence. From studies of Merit Scholars we know that they have a tendency to be dominant in social situations, or more accurately, not to be submissive. They have a greater interest in people, less tendency to withdraw from social situations, and more sophistication and self-confidence than the average person. They are less tense, less anxious, less given to feelings of insecurity or depression. They show unusual originality, imagination, and resourcefulness. Most important, perhaps, researchers have characterized the Merit Scholars as "risk-takers in the field of ideas."

WHERE do these scholars choose to go to college? There are well over 1,000 four-year, degree-granting colleges in the United States. Since the Merit Scholars are selected from every state, it might be expected that they would spread themselves among the colleges more or less evenly. But quite the contrary is the case. A relatively small number of colleges are chosen by this high-quality group of students. In the school year 1961-62, Merit Scholars will be attending some 400 colleges and universities. One institution alone, Harvard College, has attracted almost 10 per cent of the Merit Scholars. The twelve colleges most popular with this group attract about a third of the Merit Scholars. These are, in order: Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Stanford, Radcliffe, Princeton, California Institute of Technology, Yale, Rice, University of Michigan, Oberlin, Swarthmore, and Cornell.

The public is apt to conclude quite erroneously that the colleges which are most popular with Merit Scholars are the best colleges for all students. Likewise, secondary schools having a large number of finalists in the Merit Program are sometimes said to be "better" than other schools having a smaller number of finalists.



The quality or effectiveness of a school cannot properly be judged by the number of its students who win awards in the Merit Program. All selections are made on an individual basis. The distribution of the population throughout a state, the size of a school, the native intelligence of its top students, the nature of the community where the school is located, and many other factors having nothing to do with the total effectiveness of a school can influence its number of award winners. Although it is recognized that award winners bring honor to their schools and their parents as well as to themselves, the press and the public are encouraged to judge each student individually and to refrain from comparisons of schools and colleges.

What has been the college record of Merit Scholars? The first class of 555 Merit Scholars entered college in the fall of 1956. Of the first group, 93 per cent of the girls and 92 per cent of the boys have now graduated.

The outstanding record made by those who have graduated is striking. Over 60 per cent stood in the top 10 per cent of their class; a fifth of the group was in the top 1 per cent. About 80 per cent graduated with some academic honor. A number led their class—like the charming young woman who selected a college of mining and ranked first in her class, composed mainly of men, every year, graduating with high honors and incidentally gaining a husband in the process. Both are now in graduate school.

THE records of the first graduates in campus leadership were also outstanding. Many occupied some position of leadership, and about one in five held at least one major position such as editor of the campus newspaper or president of a student government organization. Twenty of the men won letters in varsity sports.

Only seventeen of the first group of Merit Scholarship winners had their awards terminated for academic reasons. More than half of these students are in college today. Fifteen Merit Scholars—eight girls and seven boys—withdrew from college while in good academic standing. Most of the girls withdrew in order to marry, and of these the majority expect to complete their degree requirements eventually. About 97 per cent of the original group are expected to graduate from college.

Most of the first group of Merit Scholars are continuing their formal education beyond the bachelor's degree. Over 80 per cent of the men and almost 60 per cent of the women in this group plan to go on to graduate or professional schools. Eighty per cent of them hold

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fellowships and assistantships, about half from sources outside the college or university.

Of the many things learned in operating the Merit Program, the most significant is how little is known about identifying *creative* talent, and how much less about its proper development. The extensive folklore about able students and scholarships must be challenged, if more efficient procedures are to be developed. Every sizable scholarship program should have a companion research program to find out what effect it is having, and how it can do the job better.

To discover talent we must initiate bold new methods based on sound theory and applied with imagination and practical ingenuity. Private scholarship programs should not be afraid to experiment, to attempt new approaches, to venture beyond established practices.

The Merit Program, for one, is endeavoring to break new ground. It is hoped that its experience will prove helpful to others. This year, with funds from the Merit Corporation's own resources, eighty-four additional Merit Scholars were appointed in an experimental program that will be continued in 1962. These special National Merit Scholarships are awarded to:

1. Students whose records indicate exceptional creative promise, whether in artistic, literary, scientific, or other fields.

2. Students who, while showing superior attainment and promise in one field, are not as distinguished in many fields as the typical National Merit Scholar.

3. Students who have shown an ability to depart from the traditional academic time-pattern by entering college, with the approval of the secondary schools they attended, with less than four years of secondary school education.

4. Students of marked academic ability who have also demonstrated an exceptionally determined effort to overcome severe financial and related disadvantages.

Ideally, a scholarship program will extend its influence far beyond the small group of students who are given scholarships, and the Merit Program is doing this. By helping to foster a climate of opinion favorable to intellectual excellence, it is stimulating latent talent.

The importance of encouraging and developing talent in the young should not be minimized. In the words of John Gardner: ". . . an undiscovered talent, a wasted skill, a misapplied ability is a threat to the capacity of a free people to survive."

Merit Pay I

Continued from page 47

stricts the number of men willing to make a career of teaching. It seems self-evident that if these problems are to be solved, it must become possible for teachers to earn fully competitive professional incomes, quite beyond the range of our present thinking. For what little value number may have, it seems clear that if these problems of the teaching profession are to be solved, it must become possible for teachers of high achievement to earn $12,000 or $15,000 a year—in 1961 dollars.

Thus, we come, at last, to the central point. If the ceiling on teachers' salaries is to be raised or, better, eliminated, there are, it appears, only two ways to do it. We could improve teachers' salary schedules in such a way as to ensure that everyone entering the profession would ultimately reach a substantially higher salary level than is now available, or we could introduce at some point individual determination of teachers' salaries above a schedule—for example, a merit system as I have defined it. I shall argue on three grounds that the latter is the only defensible way to go about it.

1. *The expedient ground.* Our concern is with publicly financed public education. I submit that it is totally unrealistic to suppose that any group of citizens will ever approve teachers' salary schedules which *guarantee* that all teachers will achieve incomes much above the average income of the community.

2. *The pragmatic case.* If teachers' incomes were to be guaranteed at a substantially higher level than the average of the community, there would be attracted into the teaching profession in great numbers precisely the kind of people who should not be teachers—namely those whose major interest was the income, not the teaching. In such a case, teaching would appear to the lazy materialist as the most alluring sinecure ever to appear on the human scene. Given tenure laws, he could, by investing three years of reasonably hard work, guarantee himself what would amount to a steadily increasing pension.

3. *The moral aspect.* Any moral judgment is personal, but for myself I can perceive no moral justification for guaranteeing one group in society a premium proportion of the income of society unrelated to the contribution made by the individual members of that group. The fact that this kind of thing has been and is being done, by businesses, by labor unions, by farmers, seems to me to be indicative only of the moral bankruptcy of our society and in no valid sense a warrant for teachers to indulge in the same cynical practice.

Thus, by this extended process of elimination we come, I think, to a tentative verdict in favor of merit compensation. Clearly, the teaching profession faces critical problems; it is not too much to say that the destiny of the profession is intimately involved with a satisfactory resolution of these problems. I suggest that the true choice facing the profession is not the choice between merit compensation and guaranteed compensation; it is the choice between merit and mediocrity.

THE verdict is tentative because we make only a partial appraisal of a teacher compensation system when we analyze it in terms of its efficiency in providing an adequate supply of teachers. As I have said earlier, a compensation system has other outcomes. It is surely conceivable that the character of these other outcomes might be such as to make unacceptable an otherwise adequate system.

Reflecting presumptions or assumptions about the nature of these outcomes, an impressive variety of arguments is offered against merit compensation. It is possible, however, and perhaps useful, to reduce this welter of words to that which is substantive in it. When we make this attempt, we find that the objections to merit compensation can be summarized, for the most part, in four propositions. They are:

1. Teaching cannot be evaluated.

2. Teachers are not motivated by money.

3. Evaluation of teachers for salary purposes is destructive of morale.

4. Merit compensation is a facade masking a real intent to reduce expenditures.

May I offer the suggestion that none of these arguments is quite as categorical as all that?

First, evaluation. In the whole area of merit compensation there is perhaps no region where the fog is denser than here. Teaching, we are told, is too tenuous, too ephemeral, too subjective a process to permit evaluation. Yet, oddly enough, we all evaluate teachers. Each of us recalls from his own school experience one, or two, or at most a handful of teachers whose teaching, we are willing to say, has had a marked effect on our lives. Each parent says, "Johnny had a good year" or "Johnny had a wasted year"—an evaluation of the teacher. Even our much beloved local gadfly recently published a column in which the first paragraph presented a detailed, specific, unqualified evaluation of a teacher, the other para-

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graphs being dedicated to proving that teaching cannot be evaluated. It seems that one is driven to the conclusion that *he* can evaluate teaching—parents can do it, newspaper columnists can do it—but somehow school principals and superintendents lack this widely distributed talent.

It occurs to me that much of the confusion surrounding the problem of evaluation is a product of the fact that all of us tend more or less unconsciously to indulge the fallacy which statisticians like to call spurious precision. When we think about evaluation of teaching, we call up in our minds a vision of measuring individual teachers along some finely graded scale. This we reject, and rightly so, as impossible. But why must we conclude that it is necessary, or even wise, to attempt the impossible? Is it not more sensible, and feasible, to evaluate teachers with a very broadly graduated scale? For example, does it really seem altogether impossible to divide a group of teachers into, say, four classes: those who fail to meet a minimum standard of performance, those whose work is satisfactory, those who do a better than average job, and those who are outstanding? If we then agree that all teachers falling into a similar category should receive the same merit increment or decrement, it would seem that we reduce the possibility of injustice to a relatively few cases on the margins between categories. Such possibilities will always exist, to be sure, but their impact is minimized by the fact that, merit or no merit, teachers are reevaluated every year in any case.

Another point of view has it that evaluation is a menace in that it represents a kind of competitive comparison, a race wherein one, or a few, must win and many must lose. Of any evaluation system which lays some claim to honesty, this too must be a misconception. Surely the only evaluation of teachers that makes sense is evaluation against a standard of performance, the standard reflecting in an approximate but reasonable fashion society's expectations of teachers. We do not evaluate —i.e., measure—the length of a table by comparison with other tables; why, then, is it assumed that this is what we must do with teachers?

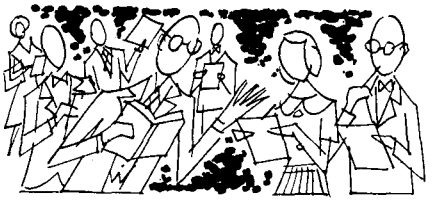
One more point is relevant here. If we are to reject these arguments and insist that teaching is impossible to evaluate, then clearly there is no justification for a salary schedule. If we have available to us no means to discover whether one teacher is better than another, surely we have no valid basis on which to conclude that a teacher with ten years' experience is worth more than a beginning teacher. Such a proposition we all reject as nonsense. Is it not equally nonsensical to propose that there is no ascertainable difference between teachers of equivalent experience?

But, we are told, teachers are not motivated by money. Why then should we recognize these differences?

One may be pardoned some skepticism about the universal validity of this proposition. We will all agree that teachers are not *primarily* motivated by money; the dedicated teacher is too familiar a phenomenon on the American scene to be disregarded. Yet surely it is not disreputable for a teacher to seek a comfortable standard of living —if not for himself, then for his family.

But let us accept the argument literally. Let us assume that all the teachers we have known are saints, uninvolved with the needs and drives that influence the balance of the human race. Then what?

Well then, clearly there are not enough people so motivated. There *is* a teacher shortage and people *do* leave the profession. Evidently, if we depend on selfless dedication to public service, we do not get enough teachers.



But another point seems to me to be even more persuasive. That is the fact that there is no necessary correspondence between motivation and talent or ability. Unhappily, from the fact that one is a dedicated teacher, it does not inevitably follow that one is a good teacher. Harsh and unfamiliar as the statement may seem, the stature of the profession of teaching is much more dependent on the power of the profession to attract *good* teachers than its power to attract *dedicated* teachers. True, the glory of the profession is the distinguished teacher who combines talent and dedication. But are there really enough of these to staff our schools?

Still, it is said, merit compensation destroys teacher morale. Incredibly, this argument is often brought forth by the very people who say that teachers are not motivated by money. Teachers are not influenced by money, they say, and yet somehow the prospect of additional money, or the sight of another teacher receiving it, is enough to turn these teachers into sniveling sycophants, slavish conformists, moral cowards, and cynical opportunists. To my mind, this sort of argument constitutes a slander upon the teaching profession and upon our teachers. I simply do not believe it to be true of any significant number of teachers.

A more respectable version of this argument has it that by attaching a dollar sign to the process of evaluation we erect a barrier between teachers and administrators. We open the door to favoritism, personal bias, prejudice—in fact to all the pernicious components of injustice of which, God help us, men are so frequently guilty. And there can be no question that this possibility does exist. But we must examine this fact with due care. If and when these evils appear, do they condemn the principle of merit, or do they condemn the principal? I offer the suggestion that if, in any given situation, these evils appear and if, as must happen, there results low morale in a school, it has not been demonstrated that the merit plan should be eliminated, but it has been rather clearly demonstrated that the principal should be eliminated. Indeed, an adequate merit system, properly administered, should exert a very healthy discipline on principals and should quite quickly discriminate between those who are worthy of their responsibility and those who are not.

Finally, we are told, merit compensation is a mask behind which parsimony lurks. Its real purpose, they say, is to reduce expenditures while pretending to give teachers more income. And to be sure, this too is possible, if we assume venality on the part of the school directors. But I submit that this objection is irrelevant to the kind of merit compensation I have been describing, which must always cost more than an alternative schedule system.

Let me conclude, as I began, by confessing the great complexity of this problem. But let me also suggest that our time may well be the time of coming of age for the teaching profession. There is some evidence that our society is at last ready to acknowledge the importance of teaching. Perhaps the question is whether the profession is sufficiently mature to do the same—whether it is ready to face the implications of excellence.

No one has at hand a flawless, infallible system of teacher compensation. Nor will there ever be one; perfect justice and errorless efficiency are not attributes of any social artifact which man creates. But if reasonable people —teachers, citizens, administrators—agree to work together in good faith, to experiment, to try and then try again, a viable system can be evolved. The task is not easy. It will not, if I may be pardoned a paraphrase, be completed in a hundred days, or in a thousand days, or in my tenure on the Board of Education in Park Forest. But let us begin.

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Merit Pay II

Continued from page 48

er who helps other teachers, who is considered a leader in the school and the community, is given special recognition.

Most of the teachers whom I interviewed in Lexington cast jaundiced eyes on the merit pay-leadership program. I heard such comments as:

"In theory it's fine, but it's hurt a lot of people. It's hard to evaluate teachers. What one evaluator likes, another wouldn't. . . ."

"The pay is lovely, but I think the morale of the teachers has dropped. . . ."

It was said that a League of Women Voters poll not long after merit pay was instituted in Lexington found less than one-third of the teachers in favor.

Lexington is still searching its soul concerning merit pay, or whatever they choose to call it. An elementary school principal who, as a teacher, was active in development of the system, said, "It'll be ten years before we get to the point where we know if it works or not, and it'll only work if everybody admits there are going to be mistakes along the way."

From Lexington's complicated system and ambivalent attitude toward it, it is a relief to turn to Marshfield, a smaller, much less affluent community south of Boston. For Marshfield's merit pay system is simplicity itself, and everybody there seems to like it.

The merit pay is simply a flexible annual increment ranging from $100 to $400. The salary scale is more along the lines of an average Eastern community, $4,500 to $6,400 for a bachelor's degree. Under this schedule, $200 would be about the increment that would be given if Marshfield had an automatic increment system, so anyone getting a raise of more than that could be considered to be getting merit pay.

The superintendent, Edwin A. Martinson, said that about half the teachers get more than $200 increments. Each teacher gets something. Mr. Martinson said the system was installed five years ago, with him and the principals as the prime movers. No complicated forms or involved committees are employed to reach a decision. The superintendent simply confers with the teacher's principal and they arrive at the increment they feel the teacher should get. The school committee has not disputed their judgment, Mr. Martinson said. He added that the system seems to have worked well and that the teachers like it.

I interviewed a number of teachers and found a remarkable unanimity in favor of the system. They said such things as:

"I think it's very fair and it's always been fairly administered. . . ."

"I like it very much. It instills a great deal more interest in the teachers. . . ."

"If I didn't believe in it I wouldn't be here. I think it's one of the finest ways of rating teachers. . . ."

"I like it. I think you can evaluate teachers. I think a professional person recognizes the people in the building who are superior. . . ."

All of the interviews took place in private, with assurance that the identity of the person would not be revealed. But it is doing no harm to reveal that the last comment came from the president of the Teachers' Club, who, feeling as she does, could hardly have been elected if a large bloc of teachers there did not like the system.

A young vice principal who seemed quite popular with the teachers told me, in support of merit pay, "I think some teachers are not necessarily willing to do the amount of work that is required. If there is a straight increment, some people can goof off and still get it. If there is a flexible increment, they're left holding the horse. The minute you start hitting them in the pocketbook you wake them up. The greatest thing about merit pay is the incentive value. It allows a person to be a professional person."

FOR our last example, we leave the area of sweetness and light. Peekskill had merit pay for less than a year, in 1958-59, then dropped it, largely because of overwhelming opposition from the teachers.

Nevertheless, the superintendent, Dr. Herbert B. Smith, told me, "I think a merit pay program is absolutely essential."

During the period of its merit pay experiment, the bachelor's degree salary was $4,200 to $7,000, high for a city of Peekskill's industrial, lower-middle-class type, but low compared with the rest of Westchester County.

Dr. Smith said the school board "pretty much insisted" on instituting merit pay, despite the opposition of the then superintendent, who was about to retire anyway, and "95 per cent of the teachers."

Dr. Smith was brought in as superintendent, a big factor in his acceptability to the school board being that he was strongly in favor of merit pay and had been a member of a New York State Department of Education committee that had done a study of merit pay systems.

The school board set up a committee to study merit pay for a year, composed of two board members, two teachers, and some administrators. The teachers wanted two classifications—satisfactory and excellent. The board insisted on three—satisfactory, excellent, and superior. That point caused a great deal of friction, the teachers feeling it was impossible to decide who was excellent and who superior. There was also considerable friction on the amount of money to be paid.

Finally, the board decided on a $100 award for an excellent rating and $200 for superior. Ratings were made by administrators. About 80 per cent of the teachers got ratings of excellent or superior. The board depended on the unanimity of the evaluators; teachers were not interviewed. Teachers could appeal, and three did—unsuccessfully.

WITH the merit pay system in force only a few months, budget time came up in March, 1959. The teachers were clamoring for a raise up to the Westchester level. Merit pay had cost the city some $28,000. It was financially impossible to give the teachers their demands and retain merit pay.

"The teachers were against it anyway," Dr. Smith says, "so the board dropped merit pay and gave them all a $400 raise." (The current bachelor's degree range is $4,700 to $7,600.)

In spite of this melancholy experience, however, Dr. Smith is still decidedly a partisan of merit pay.

"I do not think," he says, "that we can afford in public education to continue raising everybody whether he deserves it or not. I think that every school system in the country is going to have merit pay. I think the public is going to insist on it. We cannot continue to have expenses go up and expect the taxpayers to pay for them."

Concerning the teachers' animus toward merit pay, Dr. Smith says, "It's a matter of pride with teachers. Every one of them thinks he is doing a superior job. They don't want someone else appraising their work. The professional status of the individual is in jeopardy, and that's what worries them.

"Older people usually are against merit rating, and they are tremendously dominating with new people. The National Education Association is dominated by older people. In any teachers' meeting your young people will not be first to vote. They'll sit back and look to see how the older teacher votes. When you get a 95 per cent vote against, such as we got here, you know you're not getting an honest vote."

Answers to Quiz on Page 41.

1–D 2–I 3–C 4–R 5–M 6–J 7–L 8–H 9–A 10–N 11–P 12–Q 13–F 14–R 15–G 16–E 17–K 18–O 19–R 20–B

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Travel

Continued from page 29

the walls of the guest rooms upstairs. Decorated with antique furnishings, old wooden shutters, frescoes painted over the beds, terraces opening to the vineyards, the cypresses, and the olive trees, the rooms are among the most delightful I have ever seen and I would gladly surrender myself to a month's detention there, no matter the season. When the *mistral* blows there is always the fireplace downstairs where one can sit on the skin-covered banquettes drinking coffee and damning the responsibilities.

As if there weren't enough spirituality around, one can always coast down to Vence six miles above the sea between Nice and Antibes, to see the Matisse Chapel, an enormous experience in magnificent simplicity. The white tile walls are painted with the unembellished plain black brushline of the artist, concentric rings of bulbs hang from the ceiling, but a brilliant stained glass tapestry in shades of yellow, green, and blue covers one wall, not merely striking the viewer like a sharp chord, but combining, in the chemistry of glass and light, to cast a pale mauve luminescence over the whole chapel. A door, carved in free design that almost gives way to Moorish influence and yet weaves crosses into the pattern, allows the mauve mist to shine through the cutouts. It leads to the confessional. There is a corridor lined with framed sketches that Matisse made for the chapel, which he created for the Dominican sisters who nursed him through a period of sickness.

Six miles dead south of all this reverie the baritone jets of Pan American shake the low notes as they glide into the strip built along the sea. I remember it well from the war when if you were lucky enough to have a pass for the Riviera Rest Center you came in a DC-3 down from Munich and got your first look at a turquoise sea when the pilot banked for a landing. Now there is a giant terminal and two ladies sit behind a Hertz car-hire booth the way they do at O'Hare and Idlewild waiting to take your keys and your charge card. It's all very efficient and homelike now, and it's hard to realize, once you're in the plane and the belts are fastened and the fire is in the burner, that six miles up the hill the white pigeons patter on the terrazzo, the orange trees nourish in the sunlight, carnations decorate the hillsides, and whatever delights the sensibilities is what is important. It may be a voluptuous and indolent concept, but I'm not about to knock it.

—Horace Sutton.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 66)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 65)

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Music, Books and Sunshine, on the Desert. No television. Physician's widow offers mature woman peaceful accommodations. References, please. Mrs. George L. de Schweinitz, 3231 Arroyo Chico.

UNENCUMBERED WOMAN, 46, seeks position—secretary, homemaker, art teacher. Box V-907.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1447

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Quality of being better.

B. Volubly.

C. Available; at one's disposal or service (2 wds.).

D. List of candidates prepared for election.

E. Companion; esp. a wife.

F. Book in which entries are made of events as they take place, pending transferral to a permanent record.

G. Under the greatest conceivable disadvantage (3 wds.).

H. Leader of a choir.

I. Amer. physician, early advocate of birth control, 1832, for being which he was briefly imprisoned.

J. Wood nymph in Greek mythology who was changed into a stream by Artemis and emerged at Syracuse as a fountain.

K. Exercise oneself in order to develop proficiency, dexterity, etc.

L. Else; contrarily.

WORDS

90 57 191 137 3 20 185 142 79

46 169 164 60 92 13 180 111

175 62 8 41 109 30

22 181 64 106 35

189 71 38 1 44 117 51 94

80 68 32 126 195 135 52

194 66 86 14 151 98 91 37 129 87

18 99 112 96 140 148 33 170

42 186 61 193 139 23 9 188

72 65 45 82 149 171 31 36

138 152 159 59 12 182 121 2

190 150 134 15 123 101 21 184 158

DEFINITIONS

M. Artistic wood carving.

N. Excelled in any way.

O. Proximity.

P. Unauthorized appropriation of another's invention.

Q Fashionably (F.).

R. French naturalist, called the founder of comparative anatomy and even of paleontology (1760-1832).

S. Hermetic.

T. Great whirlpool NW of Norway.

U. Debility.

V. Potent weapon made of heavy metal, wielded by the hand (comp.).

W. Scientist devoted to the improvement of living conditions with a view to bettering the human race.

X. Head of the dragon which causes eclipses by swallowing the sun or moon (Hindu myth).

Y. Clever producers and exhibitors.

WORDS

85 192 78 119 10 157 132 4 19 53

163 113 104 144 122 115 83 48

141 11 146 29 73 166 125 26

56 103 154 108 172 39

128 145 58 136 100 162 89

176 54 50 16 183 102

63 114 93 179 167 49 43 74

40 28 177 5 75 156 197 143 24

131 97 34 88 105 55 124 155

70 120 76 27 110 168 196 130 81 160 133 84 17

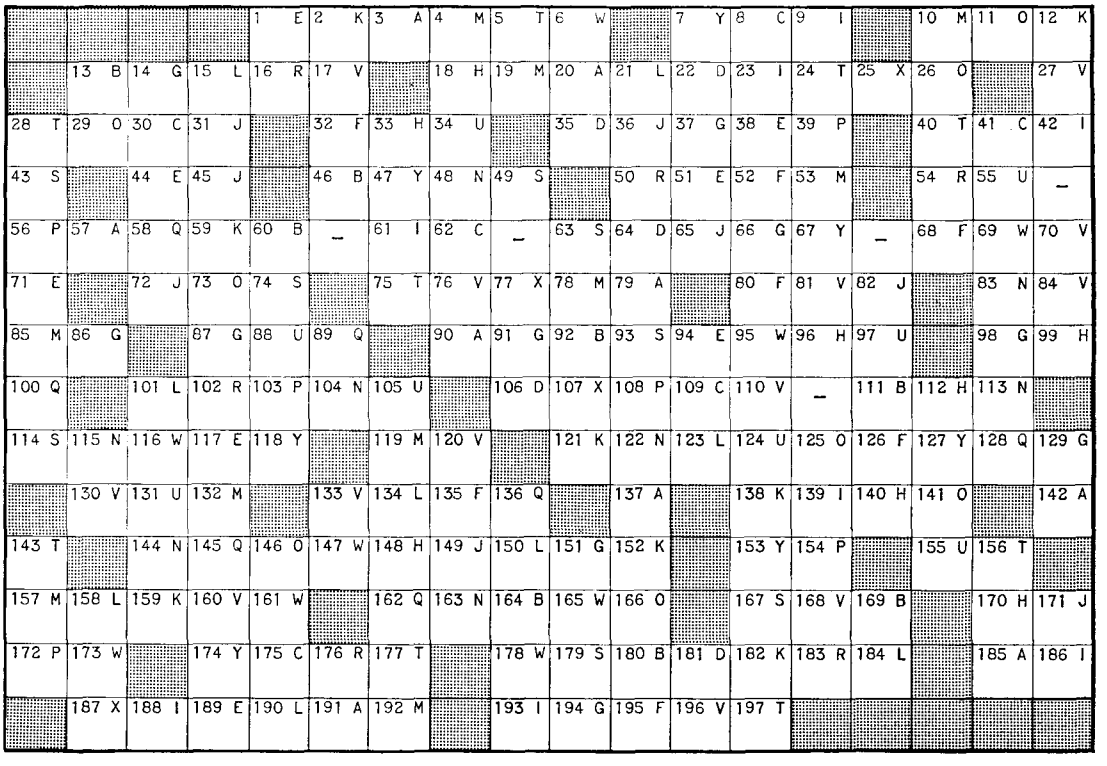
95 147 116 173 6 178 69 165 161

77 25 107 187

118 67 153 7 127 47 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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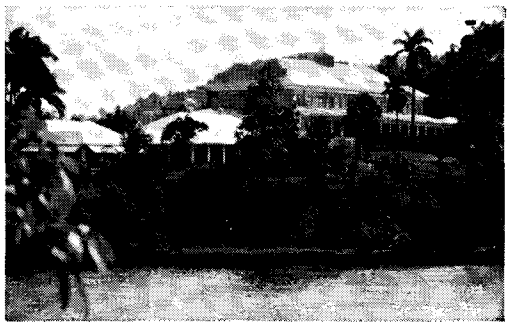
EXCLUSIVE CLUBHOUSES—YOURS TO USE

as a member of this international club

The first two of several clubhouses exclusively for Islands in the Sun Club members are now open. One is located in The Jamaica Reef Hotel (shown)—formerly owned by Errol Flynn—in Port Antonio, Jamaica; the other in Marigot Bay, Marigot Yacht Haven, St. Lucia. Members and their families enjoy 10% discount on all services—spacious rooms, superb food, excellent bar, both salt and fresh pools, deep-sea fishing, sailing, water skiing, riding. Other clubhouses about to be opened in the Bahamas and Sardinia. Admittance by membership card only.



Where Cruise Ships Seldom Anchor

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Candor Is The Keynote

The reporting in "*Islands in the Sun*" is as unusual as the isles it covers. You can expect more spice and less sugar than the normal fare of tourist magazines. And none of the usual fuchsia clichés. Because "*Islands in the Sun*" makes no attempt to sell anything, our authors make no effort to color their reports. (Admits author Dorothy Wheelock in the Club's report on St. Lucia: "When you live on an island, you exchange an ambiguous set of irritations for the rigid ones at home. But at least you're warm while experiencing them.") They reveal the bad (St. Lucian coffee) and the beautiful (her beaches) with equal frankness.

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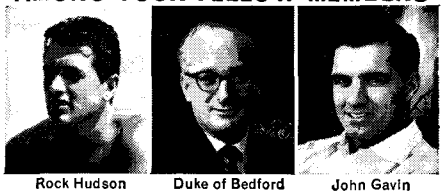

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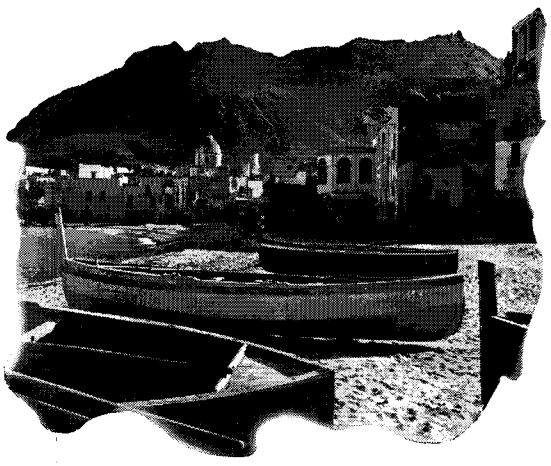

Author Shirley Elizabeth Warren reports on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*.

"One resident sees Ischia as a battlefield between good and evil. The hot, neurotic sirocco blows its soft call to madness for days on end, until even old peasant women, long trained to patience, suddenly begin screaming without cause and have to be taken away for quieting treatment. Elsewhere on the island, visitors bathe in Ischia's miraculous healing waters, said to cure anything from sterility to baldness—and too often effective to permit one to scoff."

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